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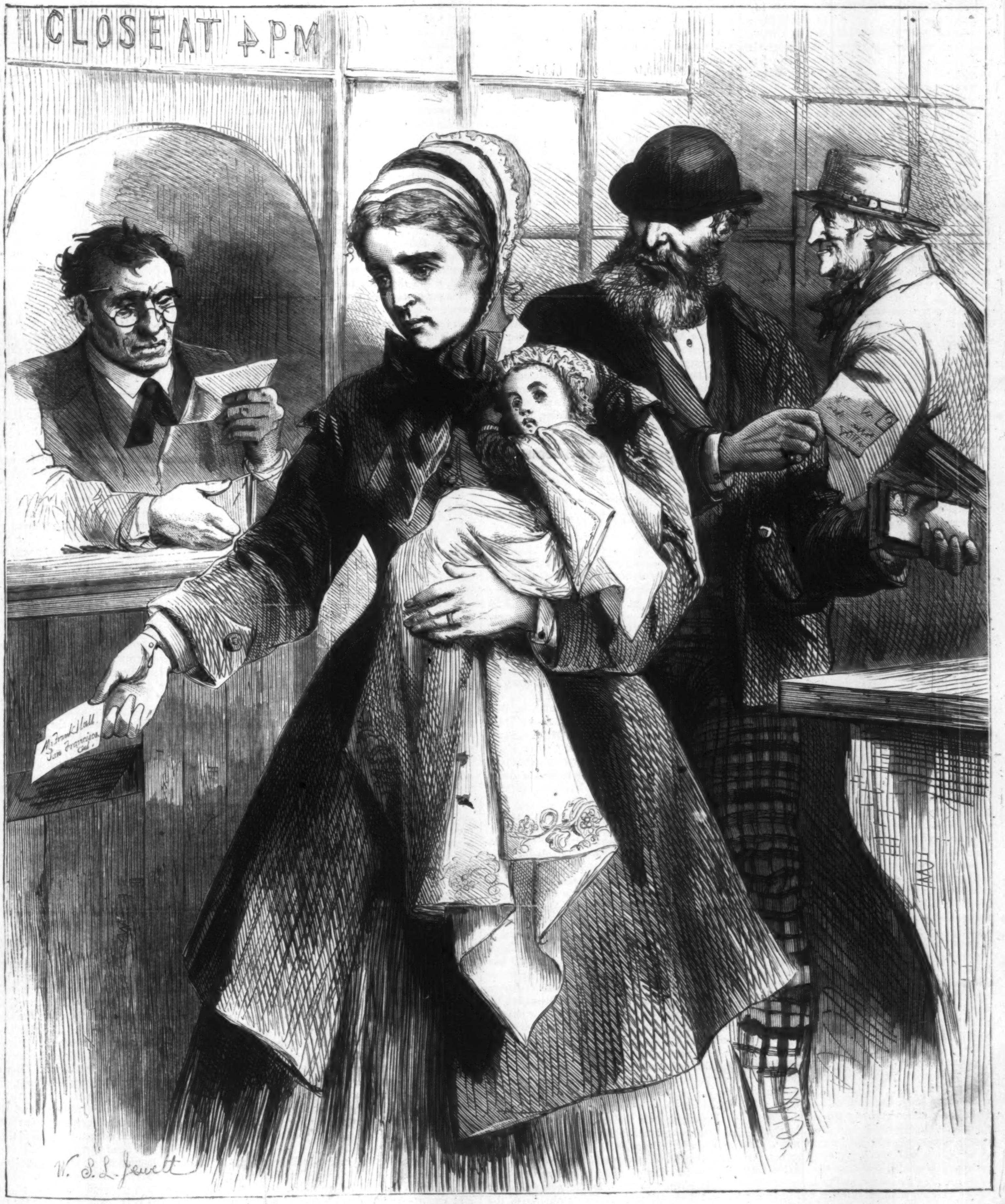

CLOSE AT 4 P.M
Mr. Frank Hall
San Francisco
Cal.
W. S. L. Jewett

THE LETTER-BOX.—[SEE PAGE 114.]

THE LETTER-BOX.

Mr. Jewett's expressive drawing, published on our first page, is so suggestive in itself that it is scarcely necessary to make any comments or attempt to interpret a story that is so well told by the artist's pencil. The sadly-anxious face of the wife and mother as she deposits her missive with a silent prayer "that he may get it soon," and the address of the letter, let us at once into the whole secret. How many such letters are daily dropped into the letter-box! and sad indeed is the story they tell of necessary separation, and of the faithful love full of hope, yet full also of anxiety which follows the absent father and husband. As in our illustration, these missives seem to bear along with them the prayers of the mother and the kisses of the children.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, February 20, 1869.

"THE FALLACIES OF HOPE."

The more hopeful Democrats profess a cheerful faith that the Republicans already "doubt" General Grant. "They doubt him; they doubt him!" exclaimed Mr. W. W. Eaton, with great zeal, in the Connecticut Democratic Convention; and the doubt which he so vehemently affirmed appeared to give Mr. Eaton peculiar satisfaction. And so also many of the chief Democratic papers chuckle with great delight at what they believe to be the signs of coming trouble between the new President and the Republican party.

It would seem, indeed, that the Democratic experience of the withdrawal of Mr. Johnson from his party, and the total want of any substantial benefit in consequence to the hungry Democracy, should be hardly inspiring enough to justify much enthusiasm over the prospect of a similar defection. The Democratic newspapers toadied President Johnson to the utmost; but the *World* at last said that there was only one way in which he could prove that his sentiments were truly sound, and that was in bestowing the patronage upon the faithful. Congress, however, presented its little Tenure-of-Office bill, and now not even the Connecticut Democracy, with Mr. James F. Babcock, the great original Connecticut Johnsonian, at their head, has so much as a word of sympathy or admiration or regret for the retiring distributor of the Constitution.

The next Democratic hope is, that General Grant will imitate Andrew Johnson. He has not, indeed, hitherto shown a remarkable admiration for that example; but it is suggested that he is not a party President, that the Republican party was compelled to take him, that he is not an extreme man, that he has a military training—and, indeed, reasons are as plentiful as blackberries when you have once made up your mind that you must have them. But at least there is one evident point of difference between these gentlemen. Grant is reasonable and firm; Johnson most delightfully unreasonable and obstinate. It would be hard to find any thing more comically absurd than his grave recommendation to Congress that, as the country had now finally decided against his policy, Congress should now proceed to adopt it. That was worthy of Sancho Panza in Barataria.

There is also another point of difference which is evident enough. Mr. Johnson was a Border State Slavery politician of the poorest kind—of so poor a kind indeed that there has always been a grave question whether his hot Unionism was not quite as much hostility to a certain social class in his part of the country as to their theory of secession. The war and his position undoubtedly cast a glamour upon him under which he was nominated by the Republicans in 1864. But he had never shown then, he certainly has never shown since, that he understood in the least the controlling cause of the war, and consequently what must be the policy to secure peace. He has been as stupidly contemptuous and hostile toward the colored population, to whom he proposed himself as a Moses, as he has been dogmatic in urging his policy upon the country. General Grant, meanwhile, has supported Congressional reconstruction upon the profoundest conviction that it was the most practicable plan.

But it is not in any specific point that the baselessness of the hopes of our Democratic friends is to be found. General Grant is, as the French would say, a political child of the war. He naturally takes the view of the situation that logically results from the war. The man is certainly very foolish who doubts that General Grant's Administration will pursue the fundamental Republican policy. It will defend the equality of civil and political rights under the law. It will maintain the public faith toward every body, freedmen and creditors. It will aid the most vigorous possible reduction of the public expenses. Its spirit will be that of charity toward all, of malice toward none. In doing this it will be simply carrying out the principles proclaimed by the Convention that nominated the President, and in doing it, also, General Grant's Administration will be in the truest sense a Republican Administration.

Such being, as every body will admit, the undoubted policy of the new Administration, is its chief likely to ask the assistance of Horatio Seymour or Fernando Wood, of Wade Hampton or Frank Blair? In the conduct of an Administration based upon the principles of equal rights and good faith, is the President likely to look to a party which has always asserted and maintained those principles, or to one that has always derided and opposed them? Is there any conceivable reason why General Grant should undertake to gather figs of thistles by depending upon the Democratic party for a policy of national justice and honor? Are duplicity and intrigue characteristic of him? Is he inordinately ambitious? Yet, if he sympathized with the Democratic theory of the situation, he might undoubtedly have had the Democratic nomination. Has any thing happened within the year that should give him greater respect for the policy or the patriotism of that party? Has any thing occurred, upon the other hand, which should give him a suspicion of the Republican party? In the highest view, General Grant's political comprehension of the situation is that of the Republicans. In the lowest view, he has nothing to gain by going over to the Democrats.

On the other hand, that the new President will wear no man's collar we most gladly and wholly believe. That he will smile at any attempted dictation from those who call themselves the "leaders" of the party we have no doubt whatever. That some other credential for office than mere party service will be demanded by him we most sincerely hope. Party relations will not, of course, be disregarded by him; for he is pre-eminently a man of sagacity, and he knows that in our political situation the results at which he aims can be achieved only with party support. But that regard to party alone can secure those results he is doubtless wholesomely skeptical. Capacity, knowledge, integrity, experience, prudence, sagacity, are quite as essential in all the offices of Administration as "claims" founded upon "doing all the dirty work of the party." Cliques and rings and factions in the Republican party, as in all other parties under the same circumstances, will doubtless be disappointed and disgusted by the conduct and the appointments of the new Administration. But there is not the slightest reason to doubt that the great mass of the party, its intelligence and character, will most heartily sustain the new President, and that his Administration will unite and strengthen it. Our Democratic friends have been mistaken in him before. As a soldier, they denounced him as a blunderer and a butcher; as a Presidential candidate, they sneered at him as brainless. Now, when they hopefully praise him as a second-hand Andrew Johnson, they will find themselves as deeply in error.

MOUNT VERNON.

The return of the anniversary of Washington's Birthday naturally suggests curiosity as to the present condition of Mount Vernon, and more especially as it is said that Congress is asked to make an appropriation for the Mount Vernon Association. This association and its objects have been always a little in disfavor, but chiefly owing to ignorance of the facts. There was, indeed, something which struck the public as an attempt to save the Union by a mere sentimentality when the project was announced; and the demand for $200,000 by John A. Washington as the price of the estate; the charter from the State of Virginia; the Presidency of the Regents held by a lady of South Carolina; the advocacy of Mr. Everett, who was thought to be politically weak, if not "Southern," all favored the impression that the enterprise was for the private benefit of John A. Washington, and for the local glory of "the South."

It was nearly seven years before the war that Miss Pamela Cunningham, of South Carolina, suggested that the women of America should own Mount Vernon. An Association was formed of one representative from each State called a Vice-Regent, and a presiding officer, the Regent. Miss Cunningham was naturally elected Regent, and devoted all her time and much of her fortune to the object. From the report of November 19, 1866, it appears that the receipts of the Association from the beginning were $260,000, of which $68,294 59 was contributed by Mr. Everett as the proceeds of his Washington oration and of his *Ledger* papers. The sum of $200,000 demanded by John A. Washington was paid. The charter was granted, and the Association kept an agent at Mount Vernon in charge of the estate, and a lady Secretary in charge of the house, and during the darkest days of the war another lady as companion. The agent was a connection of the Washington family; the Secretary and her friend were from the State of New York.

During the war the annual meetings of the Council were held, thinly attended and almost exclusively, of course, by Northern women. The Regent, Miss Cunningham, was at home in the interior of South Carolina, and her ample fortune was lost in the general wreck of Southern prosperity. The revenues of the Association were derived from visitors to Mount Vernon, and when the steamers were forbidden to stop there, during the war, the income also stopped. But the visitors did not stop coming, and they did not stop stealing. They whittled bedsteads, and they even wrenched off the ivory keys from Martha Washington's harpsichord. Some of the rooms were closed for safety, and it was necessary to keep watchmen to save the property from the hands of patriotic and sentimental thieves. Such necessary expenses produced a debt; but since Miss Cunningham's restoration to health and duty she has succeeded in paying it—but the treasury is empty. The agent has been dismissed as an act of economy, and the Regent herself, with the consent of the Council, is to live at the house in charge of the estate. The daily receipts are now the only revenue of the Association, and it is impossible, with so uncertain a dependence, to take the care which is essential to save the estate from decay.

In the year 1865 the Council, at a meeting from which the Regent was absent, and which was attended by Northern women only, petitioned Congress for indemnification for the entire loss of income caused by the withdrawal of the boat. The Appropriation bill, in which the grant was an item, was not passed that year. At the last session the indemnification passed the Senate, but was lost in the House by four votes. On the 22d of February, 1864, the Vice-Regent for New York proposed in the Council that the estate should be given to the United States under certain restrictions. Mr. Everett favored this plan, and thought that the consent of Virginia could be procured at that time. But the Council disapproved, and nothing was done.

The Association wishes to make the estate self-supporting by a new system of agriculture; but it has no money for the experiment. It is supposed that Congress may grant seven thousand dollars; but that sum is needed for immediate repairs. We suggest to the Council that, as all ill-feeling upon the subject has now died away, a proper appeal to the public, not to Congress, would raise a small but sufficient fund, while the daily receipts will give an income for current expenses. The interest and exertions of the women have saved Mount Vernon from destruction and division. If now the people of the country really care to preserve it, they will raise a fund. If they will not, let it remain deserted, stripped, and destroyed. It is useless to feign a sentiment upon such a subject. We do not believe now, nor did we ever believe, that the country cherishes any peculiar feeling for Mount Vernon. But there are those in the country who do, and let it be their pious charge.

AID TO RAILROADS.

The combination formed at Washington to press a bill through Congress to guarantee for thirty years the payment of interest at six per cent. on bonds, to the extent of thirty thousand dollars per mile, to be issued by the respective companies as they severally complete twenty miles of road, is a combination which involves the safety of the public debt and the existence of the Republican party. If this extensive Ring can drive this entering wedge into the Treasury to the extent now proposed it will be driven still farther from year to year, until the Treasury will be split into fragments.

The combination embraces schemes of all descriptions, classified properly as good, bad, and indifferent; but they stand on the same footing in the estimate of the Ring, and are expected to share together the public bounty. The supposed danger of its passage results from the fact that this present Congress will expire on the 4th of March, and that a number of unsatisfied members will then retire to private life. The scheme for payment is of such proportions as to gratify the appetite of the most voracious and depraved. It consists of the division among the trusted friends of members of the stock or a controlling part of it of thousands of miles of projected railroads. The statement that fabulous amounts have been divided among the forty or fifty stockholders and directors of the Union Pacific Railroad in the shape of the Credit Mobilier, and the open manner in which its directors, unreproved, have used their influence as members of the House to further its interests, have undoubtedly contributed to the disposition to foster new schemes of the same character.

But it must be borne in mind that, although it is in the power of the Government of the United States to push one great highway forward to the Pacific, at a time when money is stagnant in the leading foreign markets and our credit remains untarnished, the passage of a bill requiring the payment by the Government of interest on the vast sums which these new enterprises are to cost, would create in all prudent minds here and abroad such an apprehension of the dishonesty of the national legislature as to peril the construction of even the road across the continent, which we now expect to see running in June.

The readiness of capitalists in Europe to invest in our bonds—due in great part to the want of activity in the productions which they make and export—and the exhibition of skill and power in the rapid construction of the road—presenting a spectacle to mankind favorable to the fame of our country—these are circumstances which can not be expected to coexist hereafter. The members of Congress who signalize their separation from the Fortieth Congress by passing this omnibus bill will find that industry abroad will revive before their schemes are under way, and that there will be use for the capital elsewhere which is now so freely loaned us, even if the imprudence of the vote failed to alarm the fears of those who are accustomed to these loans.

The rapid construction of the Union Pacific road is the result of a clear comprehension of the financial condition. It is doubtless hoped, and there is reasonable ground for expecting, that the ebb, which dates its movement from the expiration of the flood, will not begin till they have carried this enterprise through to the ocean. But although we commend the energy which the country with just pride has witnessed, it is now manifest that a painful impression is felt in many quarters as to the manner in which the trust—for this is partially its character—has been performed by those who occupy the triple character of directors, stockholders, and contractors. The eyes of the whole world are now turned upon this great work; and it were better that he had not been born who in this high trust justly encounters the public odium.

The measure now before Congress ought to be promptly defeated. The country is in no situation to stand this serious drain upon its resources. The guarantee of interest for thirty years in *currency* will be deemed a Congressional decision that the difference between currency and gold is expected to continue for a time, if not to become permanent. The sagacious will see in the declaration of this policy *now* a wide difference from that which at a wholly different period provided for issuing bonds to the Union Pacific road with interest payable in currency. It will amount to a significant indication that specie payments are to be indefinitely postponed.

We urge upon all who hold a share in the obligations of the United States, upon the banks, whose credit and means are inseparably interwoven with the public faith, and upon the Republican party, which will be held justly responsible for this defiance of prudence, wisdom, and integrity, to take means to defeat this scheme of plunder, and save the party from certain defeat and our finances from the confusion which its passage must occasion.

THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.

The *Tribune* is impatient of the discussion in the Senate of one of the gravest possible constitutional amendments. When its excellent editor was a member of the New York Constitutional Convention of 1867 he was equally opposed to debate. He was of opinion that the work ought to be done in a month or six weeks. It is not clear that he would not have put the whole Constitution through under the previous question. But have we not had nearly enough of the previous question upon the most fundamental and important measures? The *Nation* very pertinently inquires whether a great deal of difficulty, say the Georgia muddle, might not have been avoided if Congress had been as anxious to do its work well as it was to do it rapidly. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens used to rise and say that to-morrow at eleven o'clock he proposed to demand the previous question. It was marvelous that a body of intelligent men, intrusted with interests so momentous, confessedly dealing with a condition of affairs entirely without precedent, and upon which they were necessarily so ignorant, should have submitted to so despotic and unreasonable a demand. Mr. Stevens used to add, with peremptory good-humor, as a kind of explanation, that every body's mind was made up, as General Butler said the other day about the Tenure-of-Office bill; and the House, whose mind was indeed made up upon the abstract question that some measure of the kind proposed was necessary, yielded to the ingenious sophistry and consented to chain itself.

It is time that this abominable abuse of the previous question was ended. Fortunately there is no such gag in the Senate, and therefore no measure is adopted except upon consideration of its merits. It is very true that Americans and Englishmen talk a great deal, but it is equally true that they have the freest governments in the world. The difference between a free and a despotic government is talk. A despotism is a permanent Previous Question. Talk upsets thrones, and therefore the first blow of tyranny is at the tongue. The old slave aristocracy in this country knew this. It was willing that Yankees should think what they chose if they would hold their tongues. But as the Yankee means to talk down all abuses, and will not hold his tongue, the slave masters tried to cut it out. They failed utterly; and the war has abolished the previous question in the Southern States, and has opened them all to the freest and fullest talk upon every subject.

The Parliamentary previous question is intended to restrain factious debate. When the discussion of a question has been plainly exhausted, and it is continued solely for the palpable purpose of preventing a decision, it is fair for the majority to use its power for the public welfare. But it is a wanton and criminal abuse of power for a majority to drive the most vitally important measures to a decision by mere force of numbers. Congress then ceases to be a deliberative body. The Government is no longer reasonable but arbitrary; and a party whose majority so outrages the very genius of a popular system will justly be deprived of power.

Now in the case of the fifteenth or suffrage amendment, the debate in the Senate at which the *Tribune* impatiently exclaims was conducted with great ability upon the side of the friends of the measure by Senators Ferry and Morton. Their suggestions were very valuable, and may very materially improve the amendment, which, substantially, will of course pass both Houses. Senator Ferry observed the important fact that the Democratic opposition was no longer to the measure itself, but to the method of its submission for approval; and Senator Morton showed that the amendment was negative, and not affirmative in its tone, and that it did not necessarily attain its proposed end. He, therefore, favored an amendment directly declaring who shall have the right of suffrage and of holding office. Is there really no need whatever of discussing in what manner a result so important shall best be attained? Is it mere "verbosity" to consider whether you are setting a trap to catch yourself? Is it advisable that Congress should abdicate its most essential function, namely, to determine not only what shall be done, but how it can most wisely be done?

THE SUFFRAGE.

In his speech upon the Suffrage Amendment Mr. Sumner elaborated the view which he has before expressed, and which we have vindicated in these columns, of the constitutional power of Congress over the suffrage. The constitutional provision, that the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the Legislature, is certainly not a grant of prohibitory power to the States. There is certainly no authority here for the peremptory disabling of a class. A qualification, as Mr. Sumner well says, is something attainable by well-directed effort. A stature of ten feet is not a qualification, nor the color of the eyes, nor the form of the nose. These are unchangeable conditions, and no man having them can possibly qualify himself for any function which requires that he shall not have them. In like manner color of the skin can not be considered a qualification, for it is neither attainable nor alterable. That only is a qualification in an honest sense which the industry of average men can acquire, or which, like age, is in its nature necessarily attainable by all men.

The character of the qualification must be determined by the circumstances of the case. The United States are bound by the Constitution to secure a republican form of government to every State. Before they can execute this behest they must, of course, determine what is republican; and as that is a term of progressive, or at least of changing meaning, it is obviously wise to remove all occasion of friction between the States and the power which is appointed to decide the question. That the final authority upon this subject should not be left to the States, we suppose is rapidly becoming the general conviction. Every man can see how desirable, how essential, it is that no State should be allowed to destroy the fundamental right of any citizen of the United States. The question becomes, then, one of method. In what way should this point be settled?

Mr. Sumner thinks that an amendment would be no more permanent than a law, because, the suffrage once equalized, no future Congress would ever dare to restrict it. But with an amendment, no future Congress ever *could* restrict it. The probability undoubtedly is as Mr. Sumner states, but the certainty is with the amendment. He then urges, however, that a law settles the question at once, while the proposition of an amendment holds it open indefinitely. Nobody is bold enough to think that there are States enough which would ratify it immediately, and to propose it is, therefore, merely to exasperate party spirit. Mr. Sumner finally appeals—if considerations of justice under the Constitution are insufficient—to the desire of party success. There are, he says, three thousand voters in Connecticut ready to respond to the call of Congress upon the side of the party that enfranchises them. There are fifteen thousand in Pennsylvania. Why should the dominant party refuse their aid when it has the authority to summon it? Mr. Sumner, however, we think, from the tone of his speech, and perhaps from the fact that the amendment has been so unanimously supported by the Republicans in the House, does not expect to secure the result by a law.

Indeed, it seems to us that he hardly sufficiently considers the present state of public opinion upon the subject. The real force of a law is in common consent, and while the whole Democratic party would vehemently oppose this one, a very considerable and not the least intelligent portion of the Republican party would seriously doubt its constitutionality or expediency. Mr. Sumner would certainly not wish a snap judgment upon such a question, and the time necessary to gain a moral consent to the law would perhaps be about the same as that to secure the amendment. We put it doubtfully, for there are good reasons for passing a law instead of proposing an amendment. But in the one form or the other the Republican party, in the adoption of this great measure, adds another to the list of its illustrious services to the country and to mankind.

AN ADMIRABLE PLAN.

We observe that a delegation waited upon General Grant during his recent visit to New York, and the Chairman informed him that they represented the Irishmen of America, and as there were a great many of them in the country he was respectfully requested to give a good office to some Irishman.

It is understood that the numerous body of our fellow-citizens of German birth and descent also propose to wait upon General Grant with a similar request.

Item, the English and Scotch.

Item, the French, Spanish, and other foreign American citizens.

The colored citizens, who are a very large and important part of the population, will present their request.

The Methodists, who are counted by hundreds of thousands, will proceed to the White House and request the bestowal of a good office upon some representative Methodist.

The hard and other shell Baptists would also like a comfortable place.

Ditto, the Presbyterians.

Ditto, the Congregationalists.

Ditto, the Episcopalians.

Ditto, the Latter-Day Saints, Mormons, and other communions.

The various professions and trades will also attend by delegation, and request the appointment of some member to office as a recognition of the claims of doctors, masons, lawyers, blacksmiths, ministers, and carpenters.

The bootblacks will meet in the Park to designate the candidate by whose appointment they propose that the President shall recognize them.

It is hoped that by this admirable arrangement every nationality, sect, and industry in the country will be as much satisfied as the public service will be benefited.

AN OBJECTION TO THE NEW STATE CONSTITUTION.

The New York *World* recently objected to the new Constitution proposed for the State that it based the senatorial districts upon areas of territory instead of population. The *Western New Yorker*, at Warsaw, Wyoming County, well says that, if the objector had given himself the trouble to read the instrument which he condemns, he would have seen that in providing for the districts it prescribes that "each district shall contain, as near as may be, an equal number of inhabitants."

The truth is that the new Constitution, as probably the majority of the Democratic members of the Convention will agree, while it makes no very vital change in the general provisions of the present Constitution, except in the canal management, relieves it of a certain friction in working which experience has revealed. Indeed, nothing was more amusing than to observe the distaste with which any suggestion of radical change was received by the Convention; and it was with exceeding difficulty that Mr. Opdyke succeeded in persuading it to adopt his article for the prevention of bribery. The lawyers, we believe, of every party agree that the Judiciary Article is a great improvement upon the present one; and, if the eminent Democratic lawyers in the Convention are consulted, we doubt if their party, as such, will very vehemently oppose the new Constitution.

MADRIGALS.

Those who have supposed that the musical taste of New York was hopelessly perverted, and that the Opera Bouffe and Humpty Dumpty alone divided the enthusiasm of the town, must have been agreeably undeceived by the recent madrigal concerts at Steinway Hall. The melody and charm of this quaint old music, with its really learned skill in composition, and the remarkable excellence of its execution, were thoroughly appreciated by an enthusiastic audience that filled the Hall. There were no brass trumpets blown; there were very few of the ordinary methods of advertising; but somehow the faithful knew what was coming, and it was truly delightful to sit in the audience and share its feeling of the purest gratification.

The madrigal is a pastoral glee for many voices. The words and the music describe that fair and impossible realm, the pretty world of swains and shepherdesses, which is a kind of foolish-fond realization of some fancy of the Golden Age. It is indeed Arcadia that the madrigals imply—the lovely scenes and nymphs that never were of Claude's landscapes—the world of Strephon and Daphne, of Corin and Phillis. This music was formerly the accomplishment of fine society, as the Italian music has more recently been. But while it has ceased to be distinctively fashionable it has retained a certain domestic character, so that it now seems to be, in the highest sense, family music. It was impossible to remark the simplicity of the whole performance, and the quiet, self-respecting air of the singers, without thinking of the scores of delightful private clubs and societies in which this music is probably now cultivated—but solely for its own sake. The ladies and gentlemen who took part in the concert were all trained singers. Their voices blended into one full rich sound, which was as delicately shaded as a single voice; and we do not remember to have heard a finer choral effect.

As these accomplished singers united for this occasion only, we can hardly expect from them more than the single repetition of the concert which they have given us. But they must remember that duty is proportioned to power, and that those who can so satisfactorily render such unusual and captivating music, and so truly gratify its sincerest lovers, ought to be willing to take some pains for so great a pleasure oftener, say, than once in a quarter of a century!

A LOST ART.

A fragment of a statue is sometimes found which reveals a nobler art than ours. In the following letter, written in the year 1816 and never published, is there not a feeling of true honor which is rapidly disappearing, if it be not wholly lost, in our politics? The writer had been elected Senator, but doubts had been suggested of the regularity or legality of the election:

> "The appointment to the office of a Senator of the United States with which I was honored at last June session is thought by some of the citizens of this State liable to doubt and objection upon Constitutional grounds. Though, upon the fullest consideration which I have been able to give to this subject I can discover no solid foundation for such doubts, yet the fact that some reputable citizens entertain them is unpleasant to my feelings, and may possibly lead to consequences inconvenient to the State. I wish to hold no office, however honorable or desirable, by a tenure in any degree questionable. I have been summoned by the President of the United States to attend a meeting of the Senate on the fourth day of March next, and I should feel myself wanting in a proper respect to my own character and to the rights and dignity of the State to take a seat in that honorable body under a doubtful title, especially as the present session of the General Assembly presents a fit opportunity to submit the subject to their revision.
>
> "If it is expedient that the proceeding at June session should be revised, it is important that the mode of doing it should perfectly consist with the law and with the dignity of the Legislature. With the advice of several highly valued friends I have thought it best to relieve the subject from all embarrassment, and the General Assembly from the necessity of taking it under consideration, by declining the appointment with which they honored me in June. By thus placing the subject again in their hands I manifest my respect for that body by relieving them from the necessity of an interference in a case in which the propriety of it might be questioned, and all apprehension of future inconvenience from a controversy will be entirely removed. The General Assembly will thus have it in their power to proceed to an election of a Senator without reference to any thing heretofore done upon the subject.
>
> "I do therefore beg leave to decline accepting the appointment of a Senator in Congress with which I was honored at the last June session, and request your Excellency to communicate the same to the General Assembly. I hope the General Assembly will consider this step on my part as a proof of my respect, and receive with it my grateful acknowledgments for the favor and consideration with which that honorable body has often distinguished me.
>
> "I have the honor to be, with sentiments of great regard and sincere friendship, your Excellency's obedient servant."

LITERARY.

Sir Samuel W. Baker says, that, after the publication of his books upon the Albert Nyanza and the Nile tributaries of Abyssinia, he received so many and such grateful and interesting letters from boys, that he could not forbear acknowledging them by a story of adventure, in which the chief points are facts. This story he calls "Cast up by the Sea," and dedicates to all boys from eight years old to eighty. It is profusely and excitingly illustrated, and is issued by the Harpers in a very neat and handsome form. It is as useless to commend it to boys and girls and to those who purvey reading for them, as it would be to urge them to read a new story by the author of "Robinson Crusoe."

The late United States Consul at Tunis, Mr. Amos Perry, found himself in a country of singular historical interest, and with abundant leisure for accurate study in the land of Hannibal and Dido, the jealous rival of Rome, now almost wholly deserted. In this handsome volume just issued by the Providence Press Company Mr. Perry publishes the results of his study, and personal exploration and observation. "Carthage and Tunis, past and present," is a history of the country and a picture of its condition to-day. The author has collected in a convenient form a great deal of valuable information, and the details of the customs of Northern African life at this time are very interesting. Mr. Perry has evidently diligently improved all his official opportunities, and his work may be consulted with advantage.

About a year ago we called attention to a very extraordinary drawing, in India ink, of the Rat-catcher with his Dogs. The vigor, freedom, precision, and effectiveness of the work were equally remarkable; and, as a piece of curious character-drawing, it was novel and most interesting. But, masterly as the work was, the wonder grew when it was considered as that of an unfortunate paralytic, lying helpless upon his back, with no other means of holding a brush than his mouth. Indeed this little picture, intrinsically excellent and attractive, with others executed in the same way, is already a subject of scientific, as well as æsthetic attention; and Mr. Mills, the owner, has published, from the press of Hurd & Houghton, a brief biography of the artist, with fac-simile illustrations of his little works, a volume entirely unique and full of curious interest. The artist's name was John Carter, a silk weaver in Essex, England, who, bird's-nesting one night, fell from a tree forty feet to the ground, and never moved hand or foot again. He lived utterly helpless until 1850, when he died in consequence of the upsetting of the wagon in which he was drawn to take the air. Richmond, the famous English draughtsman, drew his portrait, and the *Lancet* had an article upon his singular and interesting case. The fac-simile of the drawing of his head shows a face of great gentleness and beauty; and the life of no saint, nor any Sunday-school tract, describes a truer heroism, or is a more touching and inspiring story than this simple Memoir of John Carter.

Two or three years ago Mr. C. W. Dilke "followed England round the world." He made a journey through the English-speaking or English-governed lands, and has published an account of his travels in a handsome volume, issued by the Harpers, called "Greater Britain." Mr. Dilke is a shrewd observer and a lively writer, and his sympathies were entirely with the Northern sentiment during the rebellion. Toward our part of the English-speaking world he is generous quite beyond the customary British tone; while from the regions still subject to the British rule his work may be regarded as the latest authentic report, and it is extremely interesting as the "Young England" view of the situation.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 2:

In the House, the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge over the East River at New York was passed.—The Senate resolution declaring vacant the offices held by disqualified persons in the late rebel States was concurred in.

February 3:

In the Senate, the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was passed.

In the House, the bill for the construction of a railroad bridge over the Connecticut River was passed.

February 4:

In the Senate, the bill providing for the sale of the arsenal grounds at St. Louis was passed.

In the House, the Indian Appropriation Bill was passed. During the debate Mr. Holbrook, delegate from Idaho, said that Mr. Butler had used language "which he knew to be unqualifiedly false." The Speaker immediately called him to order, and the offensive language having been taken down, a resolution of censure was passed without a division. The Sergeant-at-Arms then brought Mr. Holbrook to the bar of the House, and the Speaker administered to him the censure called for by the resolution.—The Senate joint resolution to annul the stationery contract with Dempsey & O'Toole was agreed to; also the Senate bill to prohibit the coolie trade.

February 5:

In the Senate, a bill was passed authorizing the President to employ a military force when necessary to protect alleged criminals delivered up to the authorities of this country by foreign governments.

In the House, a bill was passed for the relief of Admiral Farragut and the officers and men of his fleet who passed Forts Philip and Jackson under fire. The bill entitles them to prize-money the same as they would have been entitled to had the courts of Louisiana been open at the time.

NEWS ITEMS.

In the Georgia Senate a resolution to restore the expelled colored members to their seats has been denied a hearing; but the lower house has passed a resolution to submit the question of eligibility to the courts.

The Connecticut Republican Convention on the 3d instant nominated Marshall Jewell for Governor.

The entire amount of bonds issued to the Pacific Railroads to January 1, 1869, was $50,097,000, on which the annual interest at six per cent. is $3,005,820. The whole amount reimbursed to the United States by the several roads, from freights, etc., up to January 1, 1869, has been $1,168,526.

The challenge of the owner of the American yacht *Sappho* to the owner of the English yacht *Cambria*, for an ocean race, has been accepted.

M. Chevalier, the Swiss aeronaut, has brought over to this country a monster balloon, with a bomb-built car, for the purpose of getting means to cross the Atlantic in the same. He believes the thing can be done, if he can only get up to a current of air rolling eastward with the globe itself at a height of eight or ten thousand feet.

The International Hotel at St. Paul, Minnesota, was destroyed by fire on the 2d of February. The guests escaped, but lost all their clothing. The total loss is estimated at $100,000.

The official records of the Internal Revenue Department show that the receipts from the whisky tax at fifty cents per gallon are greatly in excess of the former receipts when the tax was $2 per gallon.

From the annual report of the Metropolitan Police Department it appears that during the year ending November 1, 98,861 persons were arrested, being 4408 less than in 1867, but 9400 more than the average of the past nine years. The whole force consists of 2519 men.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The cabinet ministers of the Greek Government have resigned on account of their opposition to the compromise effected by the Paris Conference. The King finds great difficulty in forming a new cabinet.

Espartero has refused to accept a seat in the Spanish Cortes to which he was recently elected. The Carlist or reactionary party again threatens to disturb the peace of Spain; bands of this faction have appeared in Catalonia, but they can scarcely hope for any success. Ex-Queen Isabella has issued another manifesto from Paris against the Provisional Government, and asserting her own right to the throne. The assassins of the Governor of Burgos are to be executed.

The Marquis of Moustier, late French Minister of Foreign Affairs, died on the 5th instant.

A fierce battle is reported to have taken place in Turkey between the Turks and the Montenegrins, near Nikschitza.

HON. DANIEL D. PRATT.

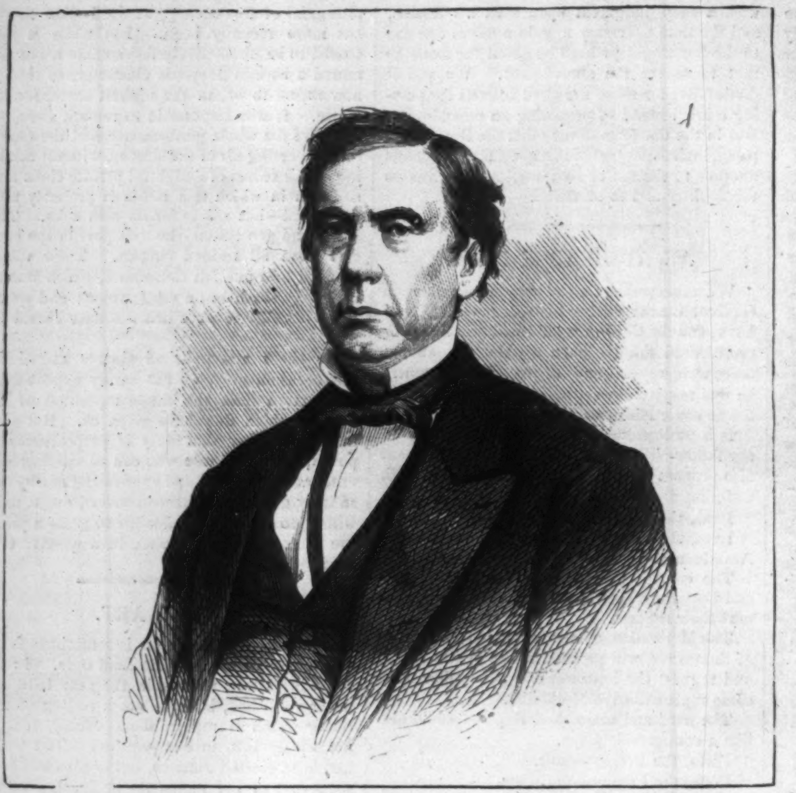
The Hon. Daniel D. Pratt, recently elected Senator, *vice* Mr. Hendricks, by the Indiana Legislature, was last year elected a Member of the Forty-first Congress. He has been a resident of Logansport for thirty years, and is one of the oldest and ablest lawyers in the State, but his experience as a public officer does not extend beyond a couple of years' service in the State Legislature. He is about forty years of age, and is said to weigh nearly 400 pounds. He was an old Whig, and is now a very strong Republican.

UNDERGROUND LODGINGS FOR THE POOR.

It is estimated that in a single year from 90,000 to 100,000 persons are lodged in the New York city police-stations. The "floating population" of this city includes not only strangers staying here temporarily, and passengers detained for a time, but also thousands of vagrants and poor people, who "have not where to lay their heads." Many of them find a most uncomfortable lodging at our police-stations; others are allowed for a mere pittance to stow themselves away for the night in some cellar like that in Greenwich Street, shown in our illustration on this page. During the day they lounge in the lowest grog-shops, go on begging excursions, loaf listlessly about the streets, or steal.

Our sketch gives a fair representation of the underground lodgings of these vagabonds. In the daytime the cellar is a kitchen or oyster-room, to become at night again the common sleeping-room of the vagrant guests above described. Then mattresses and blankets are spread on the floor. The lodgers are accommodated according to their means, the most indigent being compelled to content themselves with the bare floor. The price of a night's lodging varies from ten to twenty-five cents. The room is generally overcrowded, twenty or thirty persons being huddled together, without regard to sex, in an atmosphere scarcely endurable for one-fifth of that number. The guests are usually old men and women, and boys and girls from fifteen to twenty years of age.

It is needless to say that this lodging system encourages vagrancy, and both directly and indirectly promotes demoralization and vice. The lodgers are made up of the idle rather than of the unfortunate poor. The abuse cries loudly for reformation, and some other alternative than the cells of the station-house must be found, in order to effect a radical cure. For those who are simply unfortunate provision can and ought to be made; and those who can but won't work should be placed where they must. The lodging-houses are nurseries of disease and crime, and should be broken up promptly and effectually by our City Government.

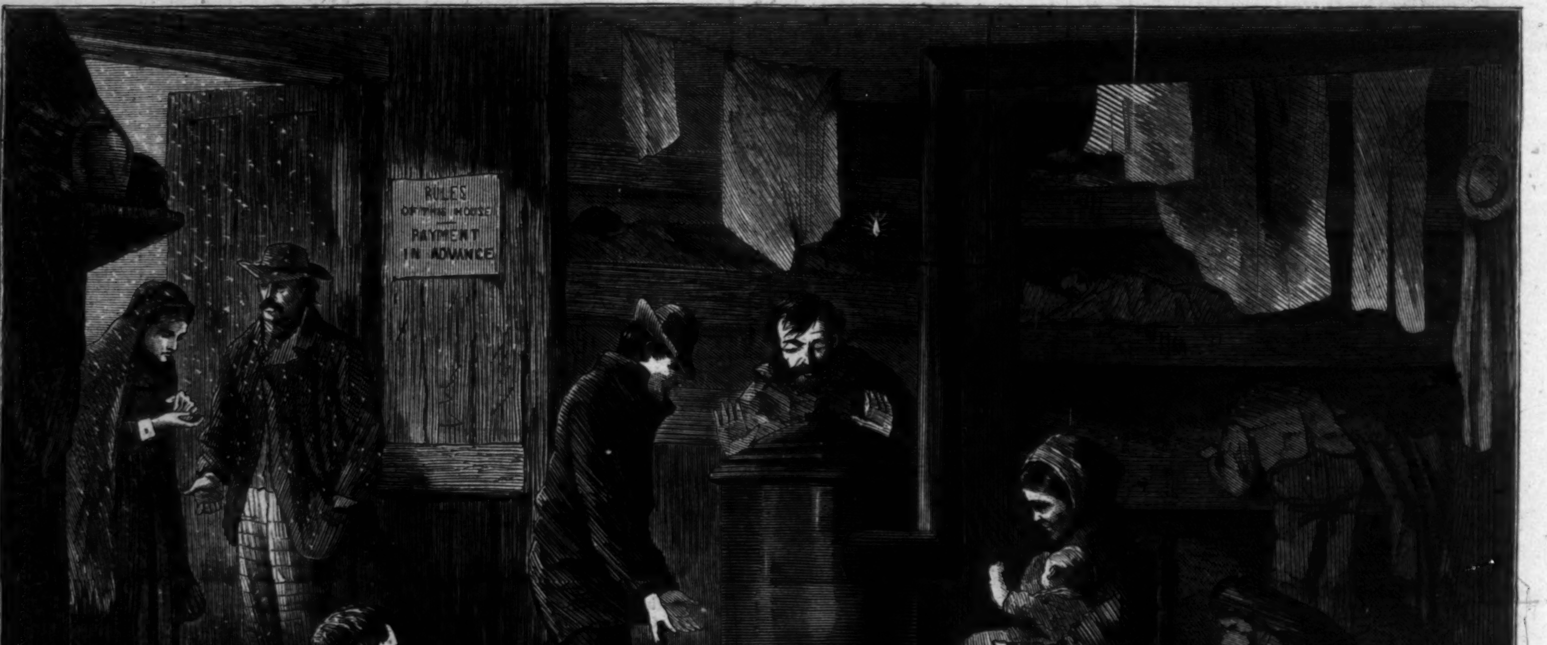


HON. DANIEL D. PRATT, SENATOR FROM INDIANA.—[Phot. by H. G. Fetter.]

THE LASH IN MONKISH HANDS.

The Jesuits have lately come to grief in France, owing perhaps to want of care on the part of some of their order in the indulgence of their favorite pastime. Since the days of Loyola they have confessedly been fond of flagellation. Their theory of the absolute subjugation of the will, and of the inexorable right to enforce obedience at any cost to ghostly authority, has never been disclaimed; and, taken in connection with their success in rendering their pupils proficients in the syntax and the smut of classic literature, their example has often been cited by those who politically hate the Company of Jesus as good reasons for the practice of brutality in domestic and academic education. Along with Bourbonism, harlotdom, and unbelieving priestcraft, the Reformers of 1789 broke up the whipping-dens of the Jesuits, and enacted, as a fundamental item of the criminal law, that to strip a child, or still more a youth approaching the age of adolescence, for the purpose of indecently scarifying his body, was a cowardly and filthy act, no matter what its pretense or excuse, to be punished with imprisonment and fine. Napoleon thoroughly adopted their noble and humanizing ideas in this respect. There are terrible words of his upon the subject on record, which we need not quote. The Restoration never ventured to give back the whip into the cruel hands of the drummer or the priest; and for now three generations the youth who is able and has the pluck to resist indecent exposure and the attempt to flog him, no matter by whose hand, is justified by the criminal law of France, and likely to be applauded, even though he fail in the attempt. The result is, that only by stealth have the monkish Fathers ventured to resume their enjoyments of this kind. Occasionally, however, they do walk unwarily; and hence the singular *exposé* that has just taken place at Bordeaux.

At Tivoli, a short distance from the provincial capital, an academy has for some time been conducted by the order of Jesuits. It is said to make good Latin scholars and submissive sons. Parents puzzled what to do with their sprightly and unmanageable offspring, have been glad enough to send them to the holy drill-shed, out of which they hear that they will come skilled in carrying intellectual arms, and orderly through the fear they learn there of being caught tripping by the world, the flesh, or the devil. How the regulating terror is put into them careless and skeptic parents do not trouble themselves to inquire. Their sons come home for the holidays demure and well-behaved; no tales are told out of school; they go back when term begins, and as for the ultimate future who takes thought of that? The weaker-minded wither into superstition and asceticism; the coarser natures turn the educational tricks they have learned to account, and wait for their revenge on others for all they have suffered in the process. It so happened, however, that in the course of last autumn rumors spread in the locality that their Reverences were indulging somewhat too freely in the traditional privileges of their order. A boy named Ségéral had the impiety to tell an unbelieving father that for a set-to about twenty-five centimes with a class-fellow, in which he had made his playmate's nose bleed, he had been sent to what is called the prison, a place without fire or furniture, and kept there without food or drink for the space of twelve hours. When thus, as it was supposed, reduced to a fitting temperament of submission, he was visited by Père Commire, with whip in hand, and told to strip for chastisement. Being fourteen years of age, and never having been thus used before, he naturally resisted, whereupon the holy father deliberately tore his shirt and trowsers off him, and then proceeded with his purpose. The boy after a time broke loose and fled for shelter into the sleeping-room of Père Judie, who happened to be engaged in pious meditation. In vain the culprit appealed to him for protection. Père Judie inexorably waved his hand and beckoned him to withdraw. But his tormentor reappearing at the moment, he was flung upon the bed of the holy man, his mouth stopped to stifle his cries, and the search recommenced from throat to ankles for spots hitherto untasted by the many-tongued lash. How long the feast of pain lasted neither of the reverend partakers could, on cross-examination, be made to disclose; but as appetite grows on what it feeds upon, it appeared in evidence that other pupils approaching to the tempting age when muscular development begins, and the courage of provok-

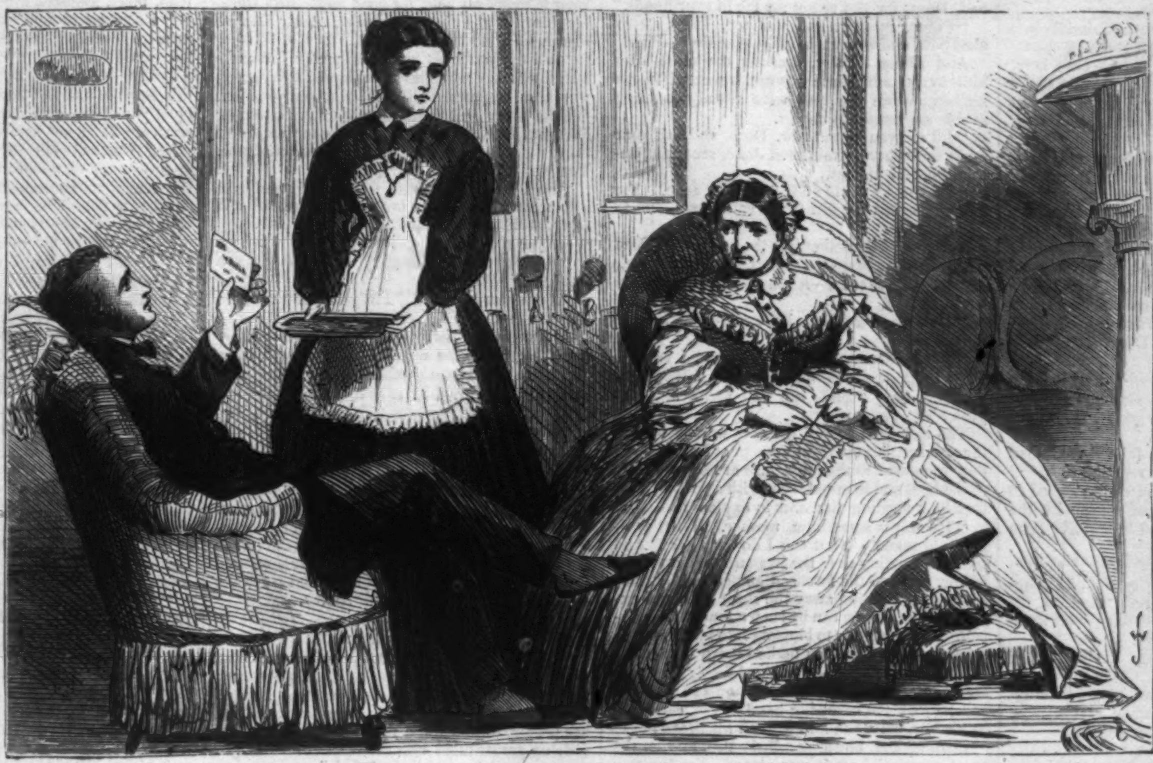


UNDERGROUND LODGINGS FOR THE POOR, GREENWICH STREET, NEW YORK.—[Sketched by P. Frenzeny.]

ing resistance commences to throb in the adolescent veins, were sought out by Père Commire and his accomplices. Several other youths were called as witnesses before the Imperial Court at Bordeaux, who testified to what they had endured, the offenses, or rather the pretenses, being infinitesimally and insignificantly small. A case more revolting than the rest was that of a young man of eighteen years of age, who, for some lapse in Latin verse, was fixed on for priestly prey. He was led up to the attic, in the hope of diminishing the chances of detection, ordered to strip naked and submit; and on his refusal seized and held by reverend accomplices wearing masks, until the passion of the flagellant was satisfied.

In vain the accused special pleaded about the number of many-tongued strokes inflicted; in vain they produced several terror-stricken little boys to swear that they had never been beaten, and in one instance a fanaticized and half-crazy creature, who had been taught to believe that, for the sake of his immortal soul, it was good for him to have the epidermis periodically whipped off his loins and thighs. The President of the Imperial Court made no secret of the judicial scorn and loathing wherewith he regarded this shuffling defense. Sternly and clearly he cited the fundamental maxims of the law which forbids all that can humble the spirit and brutalize the nature of youth, and which punishes as a grave offense in those who undertake the function of teachers all that touches lewdness and cruelty. The reverend fathers were sentenced to pay a heavy fine and costs, and to be imprisoned as common misdemeanants for a period of two months. The trial is reported to have caused great excitement, and the sentence is stated to have been received with general satisfaction.

Happily the time has gone by, even in Roman Catholic countries, when Papal bulls can counteract civil reforms, or when the vestments of the sacerdotal order can cover gross indecency.


"MR. HAUTVILLE TOOK HIS LETTERS, ONE AT A TIME, FROM THE SALVER."

A PINCH OF PEARL.

It was a wild night on the Jersey shore, the close, as the fishermen hoped, of one of those fierce easterly storms which annually strew the Atlantic coast with wreck and desolation.

Nor had this proved more merciful than its kind; for just as the sun in setting tore a great rift in his black veil, and glared angrily out over sea and shore, a breathless messenger arrived at Philip Bayley's house, summoning him to the beach half a mile below, where a packet-brig gone ashore was thumping its life out upon the reef.

Philip, who to his nominal profession of fisherman added, as circumstances demanded, those of wrecker, pilot, or life-boat man, was not slow to obey the summons; and girding his "oil-clothes" about him, tying his flapped sou-wester beneath his grizzled beard, and dropping into his huge hip-boots, he only paused to administer a few parting charges to wife and daughter before following the impatient messenger.

"I want to go too, mother," impetuously exclaimed the younger woman as the door closed behind her father.

"Nonsense, child. You sha'n't do any such thing," briefly replied Mrs. Bayley, shading her face with both hands, while she peered through the window into the gathering night. "First place, you'd blow away; next place, you'd get wet to the skin; and if there weren't any other reasons, the beach will be full of men. I suppose you want to see how Jake West carries sail in such a time as this, but I can't have you making a town-talk of yourself running after him, or any fellow."

"I didn't think of Jake West, mother. I only wanted to see the wreck," replied the girl, indignantly, while the red flush rushing over cheeks and brow added beauty to a face already pretty enough to please the most critical observer.

"Well, you won't see no wreck to-night, Dora Bayley, without you see it through the window; so go to work and pick up this kitchen while I see to the fixings, in case any of the folks is brought up here."

"Did Reuben say they'd bring them up here?" asked the girl, excitedly.

"Yes; I told him he might. I'm going up to get some blankets before it's too dark. You see to the fire and hang the kettle over."

The busy housewife bustled away as she spoke, and Dora, with a wistful glance toward the window fronting the sea, applied herself to her task, sweeping the white scoured floor and reddened hearth, piling the old iron dogs in the fire-place with pieces of drift timber and lumps of turf, hanging the great iron tea-kettle over the blaze, and pushing the settle, which served for couch and sometimes bed to the guests of the Bayley cottage, nearer to the fire.

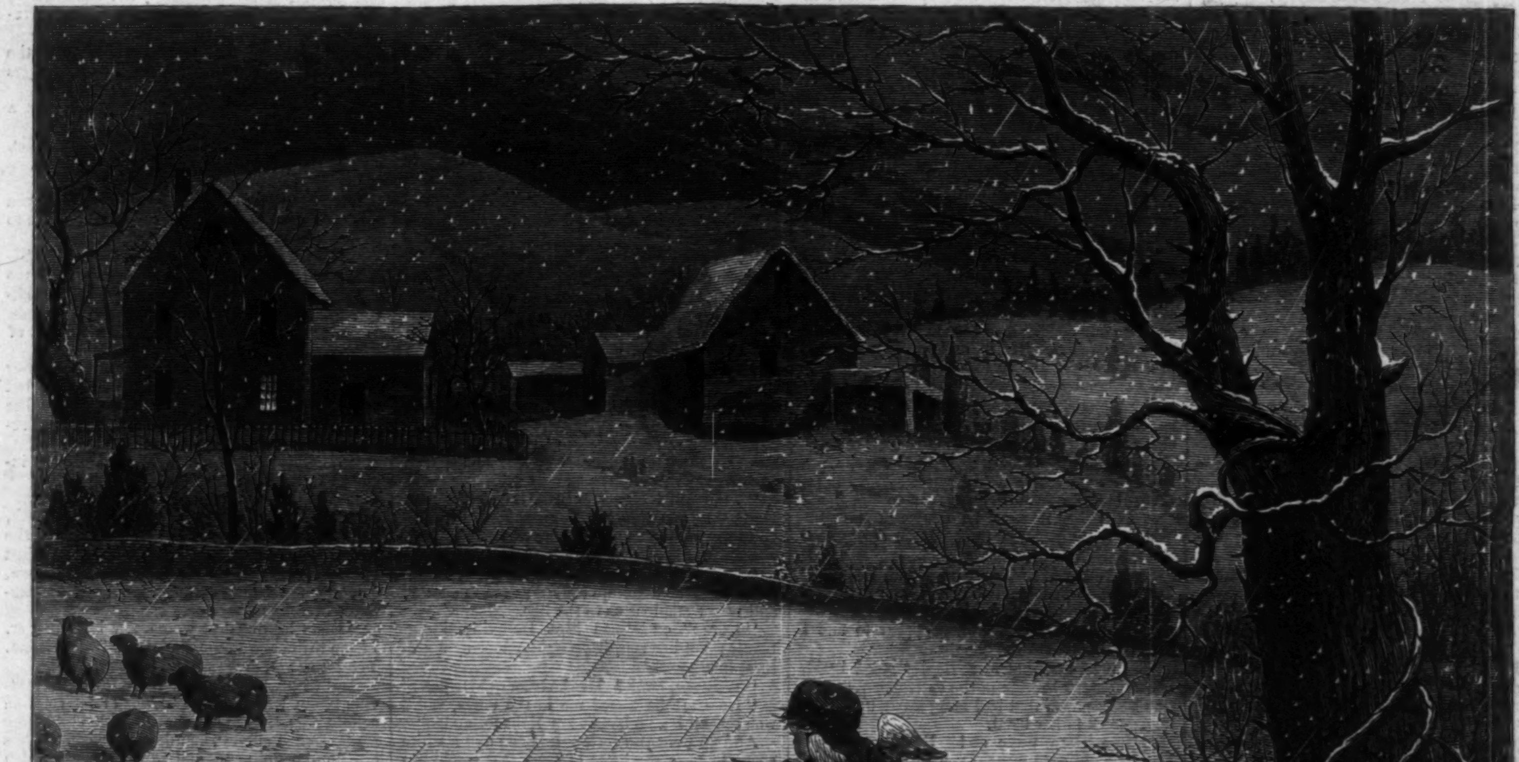
Then Dora stole a glance at her own pretty face in the little mirror over the sink, smoothed back her never-smooth brown curls, and smiled just enough to show two rows of fresh white teeth.

"I wonder if Jake will come up with the men?" murmured she, going to the window and peering into the darkness.

An hour later, as Mrs. Bayley, her preparations complete, sat knitting before the fire, and Dora, unable to settle herself to any thing, flitted from door to window, from the settle covered with hammock blankets and warm wraps to the table, where various restoratives and some substantial food were set forth, both of them heard and recognized the tramp of heavy feet upon the oyster-shell walk between the gate and the house.

"They've come, mother," cried Dora, breathlessly, flying to the door.

"And they've brought *something* to be took care on," muttered the elder woman, listening


LOVE'S CROSSES—'CROSS LOTS.

intently, while she rolled up and laid aside the long blue stocking in her hands.

"Father!" said Dora, peering half timidly into the black night beyond the door she held open.

"Stand away, girl! we've got a—man here. Where's mother?" replied the rough voice of the wrecker as he and his fellows paused a moment upon the threshold, their awful load in their hands.

"Here, Philip. Bring it right in and lay it on the settle, or here on the floor, if there's life in it," replied the wife, cool and ready for an emergency she had met more than once before.

At her word the men, taking a firmer grasp of what they held, tramped across the threshold and toward the fire-place, leaving a broad, oozy track across the pure white floor, and filling the quiet room with the steam and reek of wet clothes and boots, and their own deep breathing.

"Is he dead?" whispered Dora, sliding into the group about the fire-place.

"We don't know yet," replied a good-looking young fellow, fixing his dark eyes upon the face of the young girl with evident good-will and admiration.

"Where did you find him, Jake?" continued she, not heeding the glance or replying to it.

"On the beach. He washed ashore lashed to a spar, and would have washed back with the undertow if we hadn't hung on to him like grim death."

"Dora! fetch that bottle of sperit!" sharply commanded Mrs. Bayley, and as the girl obeyed she added, in an under-tone, "And do, for the Lord's sake, leave off chattering with Jake West, and make yourself handy."

With a heightened color Dora knelt with her mother beside the prostrate figure upon the hearth and began rubbing one of the clammy hands, glancing fearfully the while at the face, so curiously lighted by the uncertain flame.

It was the face of an old man, with thin white hair clinging to the narrow and wrinkled forehead, with stern straight brows and hollow eyes, with the high aquiline nose and sallow skin of an Oriental, and with a venerable beard, tangled and disheveled with clinging drift and sea-weed.

"Poor old man!" murmured Dora, pitifully; and just then the stern eyes opened and fixed upon her face.

"He's alive! Take yourself out of the way you women-folk, till we strip and rub him a bit," said Philip Bayley, who had, with his comrades, been refreshing themselves with meat and drink after their exposure and fatigue.

"As soon as he's dry and warm get him into bed. I've fixed a place for him in the fore-room," said Mrs. Bayley, rising, and drawing Dora after her into the next room.

The young man called Jake West followed them.

"There's enough to take care of him," began he, rather apologetically. "And I wanted to ask if Dora is really going away, as I heard tell at the shore to-day."

"At the shore!" echoed Mrs. Bayley. "Yes, you men get together at the shore and gossip like women-folks by the hour together. To my mind a young woman's name had better be kept choicer than that."

"It was Bayley himself said she was going away," replied West, a little maliciously.

"Well, he'd better have held his tongue," retorted Bayley's wife, shortly.

"But are you going, Dora?"

"Yes, Jake, next week."

"Where, and what for?"

"To New York, to live in a family."

"What! live out?"

"Yes. I'm to take care of the best room where they receive their company, and to tend table. There won't be any thing hard about it," replied Dora, rather doubtfully, for her lover's face expressed both wonder and disapprobation.

"Well now, Dora, what are you going to do this for?" asked he at length.

"Why, I want to see something of the world before I die, something beyond Rocky Point and Sandy Beach and the great tiresome sea. That is all I ever saw yet," said the girl, wearily.

"And maybe you want to get some new friends instead of the old ones that tire you just as the sea does," said Jake, in a low voice, for Mrs. Bayley was busy in a closet at the other side of the room, and the young people were virtually alone.

"Well, I don't know that I've thought much about that, Jake."

"Think of it now then, Dora, and give me a promise before you go that you'll come back the honest girl you are now—come back and marry me. Don't you like me well enough, Dora?"

"I always did like you, Jake."

"And I love you better than meat or drink, lass; so give me your promise, or what is better, give up this crazy plan, and let us be married as soon as I can get a place ready for you."

"No, Jake, I won't give up going to New York, nor yet will I make any promises before I go. I feel just as if there was something splendid and surprising out in the world, and if I went and looked about me I'd find it. I can't tell you so as to make you understand; but I'm bound to go and seek my fortune, and go I must."

Jake West looked keenly into the flushed and beautiful face of the girl he loved with the slow, deep passion of his kind, and then he said:

"The fortune of girls like you in a place like York is easy found, Dora, and as easy spent. After that comes Blackwell's Island, or for them that's luckier the river and the fishes. Surprising enough, but not so splendid as you've dreamed it, my girl."

"What do you mean, Jake?" asked Dora, turning pale and catching at his arm.

"I mean that, like it or not, Dora Bayley, when you go away from here you'll carry all that makes a man of Jacob West along with you, and it's for you to look to that you bring it back safe and sound. You haven't any right to turn out bad, Dora, for you've got my life in your hands."

"Come, mother, and you too, Dora. He's abed now, and we must be off. Come along, Jake!"

And Philip Bayley, drawing the three after him by an autocratic gesture, returned to the kitchen, where the men were already standing at the door ready to depart.

"I'll see you to-morrow, Dora, and ask your mind once more," muttered Jake, searching behind him for his hat.

"My mind's made up and won't change. I'm going," replied the girl in the same tone, and so they parted.

Following her mother into the next room, Dora bent over the gaunt figure stretched upon the bed, her eyes full of tears—it may be for him, it may be for herself.

"He's alive, mother; but how bad he looks!" murmured she.

"Yes. Some sort of a foreigner, I reckon. They think the brig was German, a Hamburg packet. Say, friend, can you speak any English?"

The sick man turned his eyes wearily toward the speaker, but made no attempt at reply. Then they wandered to the fairer face at the other side of the bed, and lingered there with a wistful, anxious look needing no words to explain it.

"He wants something, mother. What is it, poor old man? What can I do for you?" And the girl, bending over the haggard face upon the pillow, touched the forehead gently with her finger-tips, smoothing away the scant hair, and expressing, as women can by such a touch, the sympathy and pity ready to blossom into kind deeds so soon as the sufferer can make known his need.

The old man felt the spell, and feebly murmuring some words in a tongue unknown to his hearers, he took the caressing hand in his, carried it to his lips, and then laid it upon his breast.

Dora smiled, blushing a little also, and let the hand remain where it was placed; but the thin fingers that had grasped hers began to work nervously at the covering which Mrs. Bayley had demurely drawn close beneath the stranger's chin when her daughter bent above him.

"He is trying to pull away the sheet, mother," said Dora, in a low voice. "Perhaps he is feverish."

"Feverish! The poor fellow is struck with death, and never will be warm again, not in this world," replied the matron, with the assumed air of one who knows her subject well. "They most always pick and pull at the bed-clothes that way before they go."

"But, mother, he wants something done for him, I'm sure. Isn't he hurt on his breast?" persisted Dora, looking anxiously down at the dying man, who was indeed making a terrible effort to express, by look, gesture, and muttered words, some meaning at which the young girl could not guess.

"Maybe he is hurt there. Stand away, Dora, and I'll look. You needn't," said the mother; and as Dora drew timidly back, she uncovered the sick man's breast, and exclaimed:

"Lor'! he's got a little pouch slung round his neck, covered with oil-silk. That's what he wants to tell about. What is it, mister?"

The tone interpreted the words, and the old man replied to it by a gesture. Feebly touching the little casket upon his breast he pointed to Dora standing at the back of the room, and murmured the name,

"Samuel!"

"You want she should take this and give it to Samuel, if she can find him?" asked quick-witted Mrs. Bayley, gesticulating as she spoke.

The sick man murmured something—it might be assent—and wearily closed his eyes.

"He's going, Dora. Don't you stop here. It ain't pleasant, nor what you're used to, and you can't do any good. Run over to Noble's and ask Semanthy to step right in, and get Sally to come back and stop with you to-night."

So ordered the mother, careful though brusque, tender though imperious, delicate though outspoken, like many another woman of her class and country.

Dora obeyed without reply, and as she ran hastily across the sandy barren between her father's house and the nearest neighbor's, she thought more, it must be confessed, of Jake West's parting words than of the dying man she left behind her.

Sally Noble willingly returned with Dora, and the two girls went immediately up stairs, leaving their mothers to perform for the dead those last offices in which such women appear to find a mysterious and solemn delight.

The next morning Mrs. Bayley stood beside her daughter's bedside in the early dawn, the little oil-silk pouch that had hung around the dead man's neck in her hand.

"Here, Dora, wake up! I've brought you what the old man wanted you to keep for Samuel. You've a right to open it yourself, so I left it for you. Here's the scissors."

And Dora, a little less curious than her mother, sat sleepily up in her bed, and ripped open first the oil-silk bag and then a soft leather one within it. A white, round, or rather pear-shaped something, the size of a large filbert, dropped into her hand.

"What is it?" gaped Dora, poking it with the point of her scissors.

"Lawful sakes! what is it, sure enough?" echoed her mother, carrying it to the window, and examining it by the gray, stormy light of the early morning.

"It beats me. Why, there's a hole through the neck part of it, to put a string through, I expect. Maybe it's some sort of medicine, or a charm, like, such as folks wear round their necks to keep off sickness. A string of rose-hips is good for sore eyes, and guinea-peas will help the scarlet-rash. But I don't know what this would be good for, I'm sure."

"Nor I; but I'll put a string through, and wear it round my neck for good luck," said Dora, laughing; "and then, you know, when 'Samuel' comes, he'll see it and claim it."

"I'll tell you what would be pretty," remarked Sally Noble, who, having wakened by degrees, was now prepared to join in the conversation. "Take them gold beads that your grandmother left you, Dora, and string them over with this thing right in the middle like a locket, you know. You was wishing you had one."

"So I was. Yes, that's what I'll do, and have it to wear when I go to the city next week," said Dora, stifling a sigh, and turning very pale.

Sally Noble looked at her sharply.

"So you're bound to go? Jake thought you wouldn't."

"Jake was too sure. I'm going down stairs. Are you ready?"

And without waiting for reply Dora was gone, and the great white wonder lay neglected upon her little pine dressing-table. Sally looked at it carelessly, and tried to chip it with her thumbnail.

"Sort o' ground glass, or maybe a shell from foreign parts," concluded she, tossing it down again.

A few days later Dora left home for her city place, and Jake West shipped for a fishing-cruise. The shipwrecked stranger was buried in a nameless grave, and his memory faded from the minds of those who had rescued and buried, or separated from, scores of human waifs before and since the night that cast him upon their shores.

"You have a new servant, mother?"

"Yes, Edward, and a much better one than we have ever before found for her department. She is an American, from New Jersey. I asked Mrs. Bond, when she went down there to visit her people, to find me a nice, tidy, good-looking girl, as parlor-maid and waiter. She brought this one, and I am quite satisfied."

"What did you have to pay for her?" asked the young gentleman, peeling another banana.

Mrs. Hautville stared.

"Pay!" echoed she.

"Yes. You spoke as if you engaged this Mrs. Bond to purchase you a parlor-maid among the other domestic stores for which you generally send into New Jersey."

"Nonsense, Edward. Mrs. Bond is a woman who sews for me, and, of course— But what is the use of trying to argue against nonsense?"

"There is none. Will you please ring the bell, mother?"

"For what?"

"The girl—what is her name, please?"

"Dora."

"No other?"

"I am sure I don't know. You might ask her," replied Mrs. Hautville, with great sarcasm.

"I will, with your permission," returned her son, as yet unwithered. The door opened, and Dora appeared, looking hot and angry. Mr. Hautville took a rapid and comprehensive glance at her pretty face, trim figure, and neat dress before he said,

"Dora—what is your other name, please?"

"Bayley, Sir."

"From New Jersey—what town?"

"Near Sandy Hook, Sir."

"Yes, I remember a Bayley in that neighborhood when we were fishing off Sandy Hook last year. We went ashore one night, mother, to get some fresh provisions after that gale."

"Yes, Edward, I remember."

"You stopped at our house, Sir; but it was so near dark—"

"You need not speak, Dora, except when Mr. Hautville asks you a question," interposed the mistress, with cold authority. Mr. Hautville raised his eyebrows never so slightly, for this bad young man was a radical, and a republican, and a stickler for human equality and self-respect, and various other absurd vagaries, which delusion perhaps accounts for the fact of his generally making his home elsewhere than under his mother's roof.

Both as a son and as a gentleman, however, he always treated the mistress of that house with perfect respect, and now he only said,

"I requested Mrs. Hautville to ring for you, Dora, that you might tell James I wish him to go to the post-office and inquire for letters. Will you do so, directly, please?"

"I—I'd rather not speak to that man again, Sir," stammered Dora, very red as to the cheeks, and very tremulous as to the lips.

"Dora!" exclaimed Mrs. Hautville, indignantly; but her son, begging the floor by a gesture, interposed,

"Why not, Dora? Has he been rude to you?"

"He—he—he kissed me in the entry, and I won't stand it; he hadn't any right to, and—"

And up went two little red hands and a white apron to cover the burst of tears that would not be longer denied.

"Leave the room, Dora!" ordered Mrs. Hautville; but Mr. Hautville again interposed,

"Will you be so kind, mother, as to allow Dora to remain for a few moments?"

"Certainly, Edward, if you wish it; but why—"

Mr. Hautville rose and rang the bell beside the fire-place. This summons meaning coals, the heavy tread of James, bearing the scuttle, was immediately heard, and that good-looking, impudent young Irishman presently appeared.

"Put down the scuttle, James," said his master, sternly. "I have a few words to say to you upon the part of Mrs. Hautville and myself. You have been rude to this young woman, I understand."

"Why, indeed, Sir, I had no thought of it. I was jist for givin' her a small salute like as any other young 'oman 'ould took and said 'Thank ye' for, and she—well I wouldn't wish to be makin' throuble, Sir, but she—"

"Well, what did she do?" asked Mr. Hautville, much amused, but exceedingly grave.

"I slapped him in the face, Sir, and I don't care. I can go home again, and I had better have staid there where—"

"That will do, Dora. James, I desire that this may be the last instance of such rudeness upon your part, or I can not retain you in my service. It is not safe to conclude that every young woman likes to be kissed by strangers because some do; and my mother can not allow her maids to be annoyed in such a manner. That will do. You may go to the post-office now, and see after letters for me. Dora, here is a little present for you."

"Thank you, Sir, I don't want it," replied the parlor-maid, glancing at the bank-note with some disdain. "Is that all, ma'am?"

"Yes, that is all; except, Dora, I hope there are to be no more of these disturbances in the house on your account," said her mistress, severely.

"I'm sure I hope so too," replied Dora, so simply and so ruefully that Edward Hautville could not repress a smile.

"Don't look so indignant, mother," laughed he, when they were alone. "You expressed a hope, and Dora indorsed it; how was she to know that an unmeaning 'No, ma'am,' was all that her position allowed her to reply?"

"A servant can not be called thoroughly trained until she submits to the etiquette of servitude," replied Mrs. Hautville, loftily.

"'The etiquette of servitude,'" repeated her son, musingly; "what a charming phrase, mother, and quite new, too, I believe! Shall I read you the *Evening Times?*"

"Yes, if you please, my son," replied the mother, well pleased at the attention; and the reading was not over when Dora reappeared with some letters and papers upon a salver. She had found time to refresh her toilet, and to put the string of gold beads with its white pendant about a neck almost as white as that.

Mr. Hautville took his letters, one at a time, from the salver, examined them in a leisurely manner, and laid them upon the table. Then he said:

"Dora, won't you light this other burner just above my head? You know how, don't you?"

"Oh yes, Sir!"

"Yes, that is right," remarked the young gentleman, watching her. "Now please put on the drop-light, and light that."

Dora obeyed in silence; and then, taking her salver, was about to depart.

"Stop a moment, Dora. Please bring me a glass of water from the dining-room."

"Yes, Sir," meekly replied Dora, thinking that this young gentleman required a great deal of waiting upon, but that the service was not disagreeable.

Mr. Hautville sipped the water slowly, and replaced the glass upon the salver.

"Thank you; that will do," said he at last, and Dora retreated, leaving Mrs. Hautville to her drowsy knitting and her son to his correspondence.

But after opening one or two of his letters the young man paused with the third in his fingers to say,

"Do you know, mother, I want to paint a picture of that girl?"

"What girl, Edward?" asked Mrs. Hautville, waking with a start, and sitting very upright.

"Why, this little Dora of yours."

"Dora! Paint her! Why, what can you see in that red-haired, wide-mouthed creature to attract you so wonderfully?"

"Her hair is very nice, just the color that Titian loved so well, and her mouth is none too wide for beauty. Should you object to her sitting to me for an hour a day, here at the house, of course? I want to put her into my Court of King Arthur."

"Why, if she can be useful to you in your business, of course she shall make herself so; but I hope it won't be putting silly notions in her head, and spoiling her for her proper station," remarked the mother, reflectively.

"What is her proper station, mother?" inquired Edward, innocently.

"That of a servant, of course."

"But she never was a servant until this month, and she is at least twenty years old. Has she been out of her station all this time, and just found it now?" asked Mr. Hautville; and then, catching the look of annoyance upon his mother's face, he added:

"Don't be vexed at your saucy boy, mother. Listen to Johann Waldheim's letter from Vienna. You know you always like his letters."

And without waiting for reply Edward Hautville began translating the letter of his German college friend, skipping the Kantish philosophy and skeptical queries, and dwelling upon the bits of court gossip, news, and personal items which his mother liked to hear. Among the rest came this paragraph:

"A good deal of commotion in certain circles has been caused by an audacious and partially successful attempt to rob the pretty Russian Princess Worowski, as she was leaving the palace after the last court ball. The thief introduced himself among the servants waiting about the carriage-door, and as the Princess advanced grasped suddenly at the magnificent necklace of diamonds and pearls about her neck. The fastening held so well, however, that he only secured the pendant hanging from the centre; but this is in itself a fortune, being no other than the great pearl called 'The Sea of Milk,' purchased in Ceylon by an agent of the last King of Oude, and sold by him to Prince Ivan Worowski, who bequeathed it as a fortune to his brother, the present Prince. This magnificent jewel is said to be as large as a pigeon's egg or larger, is pear-shaped, and pierced through the neck for the wire by which it hung to the necklace of the

Princess. This Sea of Milk is said to be worth fifty thousand thalers; that is to say, in your money, about thirty-seven thousands of dollars, is it not? The city has been searched, the country has been searched, Europe, the world have been searched for the thief and the jewel, to which it seems the Princess attached a superstitious value, but no news of either is obtained as yet. Open wide your eyes, then, my friend, and tell me if it is not hidden in America, this marvelous Sea of Milk, at whose loss the brightest eyes in Vienna have cried themselves dim, and the sharpest detectives in the world have proved themselves but blind bats."

So ended the quotation, and Edward Hautville, allowing the letter to fall upon his knee, repeated, thoughtfully, "Open my eyes, and see? It would be very strange if it should prove so."

A few days later the sittings commenced, and Dora, in a strange flutter of delight and shame, found herself posed as the object of the handsome artist's admiring scrutiny and candid criticism. Of course she dressed herself in her simple best, and by no means omitted her solitary ornament—the string of gold beads with the singular white pendant.

"That white dress does very well, especially as it is off the shoulders, and I can arrange this crimson scarf—allow me!"

And with grave delicacy of touch the artist laid the soft folds of Indian wool about the white neck, allowing them to trail gracefully away from one of the dimpled shoulders. Suddenly he stopped.

"That is a peculiar necklace of yours," said he. "Will you allow me to look at it?"

"Oh yes." And Dora raised her chin and leaned a little forward, wondering why any one should need to ask before looking at any thing so obvious.

"I meant to ask if I might take it a moment," said the young man, smiling a little at the childish gesture.

Dora colored, she scarce knew why, but unclasped the necklace and laid it in his hand.

"They were grandmother's beads, and she willed them to me when she died," said she, simply.

"Yes. And this thing; what is this?" And taking the pendant between his fingers, Mr. Hautville examined it attentively, and then glanced sharply at the girl, who answered, without embarrassment,

"I don't know, Sir. Mother thought it was some sort of bead, and that it would keep off sickness."

"And where did your mother get it?"

So Dora, beginning with the stormy March night, and the wreck of the Hamburg brig, told all the story of her treasure, and at the end asked, somewhat anxiously,

"Why, is it good for any thing, Sir? or do you know any thing about it?"

"Well, Dora, I am not sure, but I have an idea that this is a very remarkable pearl, and worth a great deal of money. A pearl was recently lost in Vienna no better than this, as this appears, and it was valued at more than thirty thousand dollars."

"Thirty thousand dollars!" gasped Dora, turning as pale as ashes.

"Yes. It is a great deal of money, is it not?" suggested Edward Hautville, eying her attentively.

"A great deal. And would it be mine?"

"Who is this Samuel of whom the old man spoke?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, I think I do. Will you trust this pearl to me until to-morrow?"

"Oh yes, Sir, of course I will."

"Thank you. Now stand still, please, just as you are."

With these words artist and model assumed their relative stations, and not another word was spoken until the end of the sitting. Then Hautville, cutting the bit of thread that held the Sea of Milk in its position as pendant to old Mother Bayley's gold bead necklace, restored the latter to Dora, and dismissed her with a pleasant but absent-minded nod.

Left alone he stood for five minutes at his picture, then glanced at the pearl in his hand, and muttered,

"By George! What a beauty the girl is! and this, if it belongs to no one else, would be a fortune for her. Stranger things have happened."

Then Mr. Hautville wrote a little note, sent it to its address, and resumed his painting.

The next day when Dora made her usual modest entrance into the studio she found a gentleman in conversation with her young master, as we may style our artist in distinction to the old masters, and was about to withdraw when he called out:

"Come in, Dora; it's all right. Take your place just as you did yesterday—there, that will do, now you have only to stand still."

And having arranged his model Mr. Hautville returned to the easel and resumed his conversation with the visitor, apparently quite oblivious of any interruption.

"And you don't know what has become of your father?"

"Since writing that he was about to visit me in this country I have heard nothing of him at all. He did not mention the name of the ship he would take or the port from which he would embark," replied the visitor, in a voice of such peculiar accent that Dora, having her eyes at liberty, turned them rather curiously upon him.

"What a handsome young gentleman!" was her mental comment, as she surveyed the olive-tinted face, with its long, dark eyes, bright red mouth, abundance of glossy hair and beard, and glancing white teeth. True, the nose was somewhat over-prominent, and of that aquiline shape vulgarly called hooked, and the glossy quality of the hair seemed to have communicated itself in a degree to the olive-tinted skin, and the long, dark eyes had a cunning and treacherous expression; but Dora was inexperienced both in the rules of beauty and in ethnological traits, and failed to draw the same deduction from these defects that we have already drawn, or to be as much repelled.

"You have written to Vienna you said?" pursued Mr. Hautville, absently.

"Yes, some months since—immediately after receiving your order for the jewels, in fact; but I can only hear that my father has left the city to go no one knows where."

"Very strange—very indeed!" pursued the artist, in that exasperating, dreamy tone always used by artists at their work; and then falling back a few paces he contemplated his picture with half-closed eyes and the end of his maulstick pressed against his teeth.

"Ti tum ti ti tilly lilly ti! Yes, that will do very nicely. Like that pose, Samuels?"

"Admirable. You are a genius, Mr. Hautville," replied the visitor, beaming with enthusiasm. Mr. Hautville smiled.

"Oh no, not quite that, Samuels, not quite that yet. I had a letter from Vienna yesterday, by-the-way. Nothing about your father in it of course, but an odd story of a lost jewel, a pearl called the Sea of Milk."

And in the true, artistic, exasperating style, Mr. Hautville repeated, with many pauses and interruptions, the extract from his friend's letter which we have already read.

"Good thing for whoever has got that pearl," concluded he, absently.

"Capital! Capital! Thirty-seven thousand dollars you say, and it could be made fifty by judicious management!" exclaimed the guest, rubbing his hands.

"I dare say—by judicious management—yes. Well—possibly it may be offered you for sale yet. The person who—who has it may wish—to dispose of it. You wouldn't be afraid to buy, eh?"

"Afraid? Why, then?"

"Oh, on account of this Princess What's-her-name. Suppose the jewel was traced?"

"It could never be reclaimed. We are not Germans, and there is no international search-warrant for missing trinkets," said the visitor, chuckling.

"No; ha! ha! Pretty good, Samuels. No; it could not be reclaimed, so if it is brought to you take it by all means, Samuels; take it, and pocket the thirty-seven thousand dollars."

"I will do that, you may be sure, Mr. Hautville. All is fair in love and war, and all is fair in business that the law does not pronounce unfair. The law knows," replied Mr. Samuels, with an air of candor.

"H'm. Now is that crimson drapery the thing against the deep green of Guinevere's robes—let us see."

And Mr. Hautville became so absorbed in his work that, when his visitor rose to leave, he only said,

"Going, Samuels? Well, let me know if you get hold of The Sea of Milk, won't you?"

"Yes indeed, Mr. Hautville, you shall have the first chance of securing it, you may depend," smiled Mr. Samuels, and so departed.

For a few moments Mr. Hautville continued to paint in silence. Then he laid aside brush and pallet, saying,

"Dora, sit down in this chair. I have something to say to you."

Dora obeyed silently and in wonder, while the artist quietly continued,

"That man, Dora, is named Samuel Samuels. He is a German Jew, and deals after a blind fashion in jewels and other valuables. I have had transactions with him, and a few months ago he came to offer me some antique emerald cameos which he said his father had written from Vienna to mention to him. I ordered the jewels, and some time since I sent to inquire after them. Samuels came to inform me that he could get no tidings of his father, but concluded he must be on his way to this country, as he had been for some time arranging to come.

"Yesterday, when you told me your story, it occurred to me at once that this old man with Jewish features, wrecked in a German vessel, speaking no English but the name Samuel, and concealing upon his person a jewel of such value as the pearl you intrusted to my care, was very likely to be our friend Samuel Samuels's missing father. I sent for him to-day and questioned him in your presence with the view of settling this question. I have succeeded in settling several, to my own satisfaction, and the result is this theory:

"The robber of the Princess Worowski, afraid to retain his booty, sold it for a trifle to this old Jew, just about to leave Germany for this country on a visit to his son. The old sinner succeeded in hiding it, and escaping with it, but took the precaution to conceal his name and that of the vessel and port he selected. A quick retribution, or an unlucky fate, overtook him upon the Jersey coast, and you know the rest."

"Oh, Sir! And he did look so like the gentleman that was here just now! The hooked nose and all!" cried Dora, clasping her hands in astonishment.

"Did he? Very probably. Well now, Dora, here comes the next question, and it is one for you to settle. Supposing my theory to be correct, our old friend Samuels senior evidently desired to have this Sea of Milk, this fortune in the shape of a pearl, conveyed to his son, young Samuels. Now, is that the best thing for us to do with it? It is a genuine pearl, by-the-way. I ascertained that last night, and is worth perhaps fifty thousand dollars."

"Of course, Sir, I will give it to the gentleman. I should never think of keeping it, if it was worth twice fifty thousand dollars," exclaimed Dora, in some heat.

"That would be a hundred thousand dollars, Dora," said Mr. Hautville, coolly. "But you are quite right so far. Well, then, it is to Mr. Samuels we are to give the pearl?"

"Why, yes, Sir."

"But what about the Princess Worowski?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Dora, and then considered a little. "But won't Mr. Samuels give it back to her if you tell him all about it, Sir?" asked she at length.

"Did he talk like it?" asked Hautville, quietly.

Dora shook her head and sighed a little impatiently. "I wish—" began she, and then, less petulantly,

"Would you be so kind, Sir, as to send it back to the—the lady for me?"

"And get the reward offered for finding it? That is not a bad idea, especially if it is done quickly," said Hautville, coolly.

"Why quickly, Sir?"

"Because the lapidary to whom I showed it last night prophesies that in a year a little dust and a few sparkling scales will be all that remains of the famous Sea of Milk. Some pearls, and especially unusually large ones, have a trick of crumbling away in this fashion, and my friend the lapidary suggests that this is one of them. But after we have returned it to the Princess Worowski and got the reward—"

"Why, Sir, do you think I would take a reward for giving up a stolen pearl, and never tell that it was rotten!" exclaimed Dora, rising, with scarlet cheeks.

"Wouldn't you?" asked Hautville, looking at her curiously.

"Of course I wouldn't, Sir; and, once for all, I wish you'd take this pearl and do whatever you think right with it. I never want to see it again; and I'm going home to-morrow."

"Going home, Dora? What's that for?"

"To see an honest man. There's one lives there, and I was a fool—"

She began to cry, and Mr. Hautville crossed the room and stood beside her.

"Dora, forgive me! I was only trying you, child; sounding your heart, to see if it was as fair as your face. I know it now, as I believed it before. Dora, will you stay here and—be my wife?"

"Your wife, Sir?"

"Yes. I have no foolish prejudices to overcome, thank God, and I recognize a true and beautiful soul under a cotton dress as quickly as under a silk one. Dora, will you let me educate you and make you my wife by-and-by?"

Dora sat silent, her sweet face flushed, her eyes downcast for a moment, then frankly said:

"It is a great temptation, Sir, and it is very kind of you; but I had rather not, if you please."

"Rather not marry me, or rather marry some one else?" asked Mr. Hautville, quietly.

"I am sorry, Sir, that I spoke as I did about going home to find an honest man, for I believe now that you are one—"

"Thank you, Dora."

"But there is a man, Sir, that has wanted to marry me for a great while, and I—"

"Well, Dora?"

"And I didn't know how much better I liked him than I can any body else till now."

"And he is that honest man?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then, in God's name, child, go home and marry him; and be as happy as such a man and such a woman ought to be."

"Thank you, Sir; and like enough you will be glad, by-and-by, I didn't take you at your word. I shall never tell any body about it, Sir."

"I don't believe you will, Dora. I have just that faith in you. Dora, I hope he will value you as I should have done, and honor you as I do."

"He loves me, Sir," said Dora, naïvely, and so the conversation ended.

A few months later Edward Hautville came, an honored guest, to Dora Bayley's wedding, with Jacob West. In the course of the evening he spoke to the bride apart:

"Dora, you showed your own good sense when you took the 'honest man' and refused me. You will be happier with him than I could have made you."

"And you are happier, too, Sir," said Dora, shyly. "And he nor any one else has ever known—"

"You promised they should not, Dora, and I never imagined you could break your word. But I want to tell you the end of the Sea of Milk. I communicated, through a friend in Vienna, with the owners of the lost pearl, who were glad enough to hear of it, and offered to pay the reward, which I refused for you. The pearl was sent out carefully sealed in a little box. It arrived, was delivered to the Princess, who opened the box and found—what do you suppose?"

"The pearl, Sir?"

"A little pearl-powder, Dora—nothing more. The Sea of Milk and the thirty-seven thousand dollars it represented had crumbled to a pinch of white dust—nothing more. And now, good-night; and God bless you!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A SINGULAR case of trance is reported from Burlington, Wisconsin. A little girl twelve years old had a severe attack of measles and diphtheria. She had nearly recovered, when, one day, she called her father to her bedside and told him she was going to sleep, and that she would sleep for a long, long time. She said she would look as though she was dead, and she made the father promise that he would not bury her, which promise it may readily be supposed has been faithfully kept. Soon after making the request, the child to all appearances sank quietly and peacefully into her last sleep. As it was supposed she was dead, the body was enshrouded and placed in a coffin. Yet the body showed no signs of death, except that the pulse, the heart, and the respiratory organs had ceased to perform their work. After she had remained many days in this condition a vein was opened, and the blood flowed naturally. Her case was considered by the medical faculty as most remarkable. All efforts to resuscitate her were in vain; yet her friends did not wholly despair until twenty days had passed, when indications of death appeared. It is now believed that the girl lay in a trance for at least twelve days before death ensued, and that had she been kept in her bed instead of her coffin she would have recovered.

The Boston Public Library is now said to rank second among American libraries in number of volumes. In August, 1868, it contained 144,000 volumes and about 20,000 pamphlets, a number only exceeded in this country by the library of Congress. It is also rapidly increasing. The last report of the trustees gives some facts indicating the comparative popularity of leading authors among the reading population of Boston. In the following table the first column gives the number of volumes of a given author owned by the Library, and in the second the number of times they were borrowed during 1868:

Dickens	381	4777
Scott	321	1677
Cooper	273	4417
Bulwer	171	1560
Charles Reade	67	588
Thackeray	115	927
Hawthorne	74	355
Mrs. Hentz	113	2678
G. P. R. James	178	1855
Charles Lever	153	1953
W. G. Simms	110	1766
George Eliot	34	188
Muhlback	130	2270
Miss Muloch	110	1601

Among the poets Shakspeare, Longfellow, Scott, and Tennyson seem to have been most popular; Froude, Motley, Bancroft, Prescott, and Abbott among historians. Bayard Taylor leads off among the travelers, Agassiz's "Brazil" following close upon him, Dr. Hayes next, and then Dr. Kane and Livingstone. Ruskin's books were often taken out, so also Hugh Miller's, and Beecher's. Of Dickens's books "Dombey and Son" had the largest circulation, "Pickwick" next; of Bulwer's, "Paul Clifford;" of Cooper's, "Deerslayer;" of Scott's, "Quentin Durward;" of Thackeray's, "Vanity Fair;" of Hawthorne's, "The House of Seven Gables." Mayne Reid's books and Oliver Optic's (3668) were the most popular juveniles. In drawing any inferences from facts like these, however, allowance must be made for the difference between the number of works issued by different authors. Thus, the readers of Scott, Dickens, and James have some thirty or forty volumes of each writer to draw from; while those of Hawthorne, George Eliot, and Miss Muloch a much smaller number. Also the circulation shown is that of Boston only. But if similar statistics could be furnished by the different libraries throughout the country, and an average table made from them all, it would furnish valuable information to those deciding upon works for publication or selecting books for public libraries or popular use.

San Francisco is to be supplied with ice from the summit of the Sierra Nevada in a very novel way. A party of speculators have constructed an ice-house capable of holding 800 or 900 tons of ice near the Pacific Railroad track. From a stream on the hill-side above a flume has been run to the top of the ice-house, where the water is allowed to fall in small jets or spray in the building below. In this manner they expect gradually to form a mass of solid ice which will fill the entire building. Won't this be a (n) ice way?

A Washington paper says that Miss Vinnie Ream has so nearly completed the model of her statue of Lincoln that its merits can be somewhat fairly judged. Although there will doubtless be a great difference of opinion in regard to this statue, it has been pronounced by some of the intimate friends of President Lincoln a most excellent likeness.

A few days ago a couple of idle fellows, bent on having some sport, strolled into a church in a neighboring city. The service was being conducted by a colored minister, and the young men thought it a good chance. But when the minister rose to preach, before announcing his text, he leaned forward on the pulpit, and looked slowly around on his congregation. "Bredren," said he, at length, "may de Lor' hab mercy on the scoffers!" A long pause. "May de Lor' hab mercy on all the lagers!" Solemn pause. "May de Lor' hab mercy on the peanut eaters by de door!" The scoffers retired before the benediction.

The Siamese Twins have visited Edinburgh to obtain the advice of Professor Syme as to the advisability of severing the intercommunicating band by which they have been so long held together. After a careful examination he was strongly of opinion that such an operation would prove highly dangerous to their lives, and accordingly advised that the operation should not be performed. It is intended, however, to take the opinion of a Paris professor on the subject.

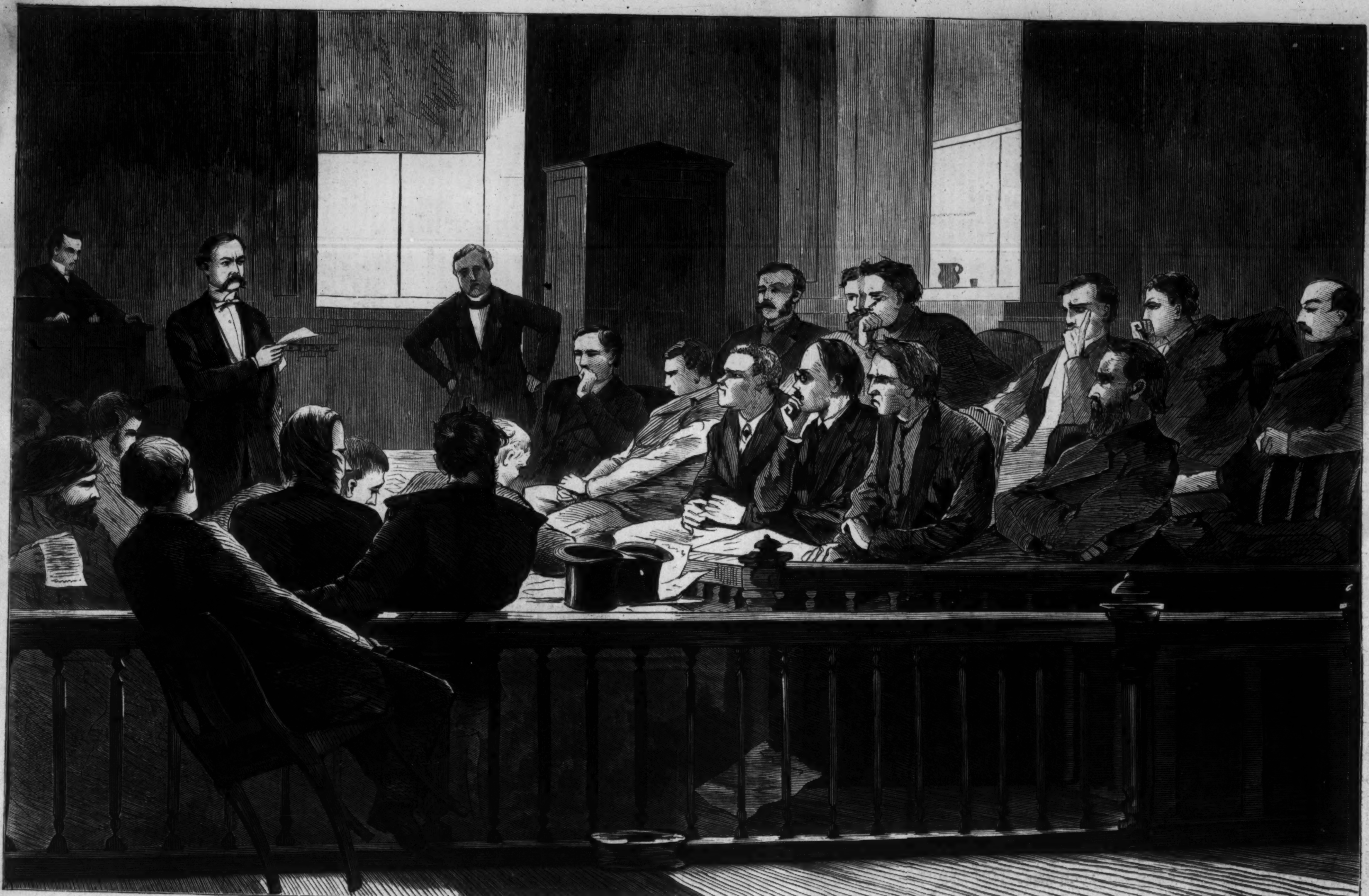
A rope-dancer was lately performing some jugglery feats in a Spanish theatre, when suddenly the cry, "You are on fire!" arose from the audience. A piece of burning stuff from one of the lighted torches had fallen on her head, and set her long hair on fire. With one foot on the iron rope and another in the air, the woman did not lose her presence of mind. She passed her hand over her clothes, and felt nothing. "*Aux cheveux!*" (In your hair!) cried the excited people. She understood, and, carrying her hand to her head, rapidly stifled the fire. She then continued her performance as if nothing had happened.

They appear to have had colder weather in the Western States than we have had in this vicinity. A Western paper gives extraordinary accounts of the effects of a recent cold snap. It asserts that "the leg of a marble statue was frozen stiff. It is thought it will have to be amputated. Barbers' poles, signs, and lamp-posts were frozen off. The air is so sharp that in many cases it is used to cut up sausage-meat. Physicians have advised citizens not to breathe it until the edge has been taken off; a benevolent gentleman in town is busy day and night taking the edge off."

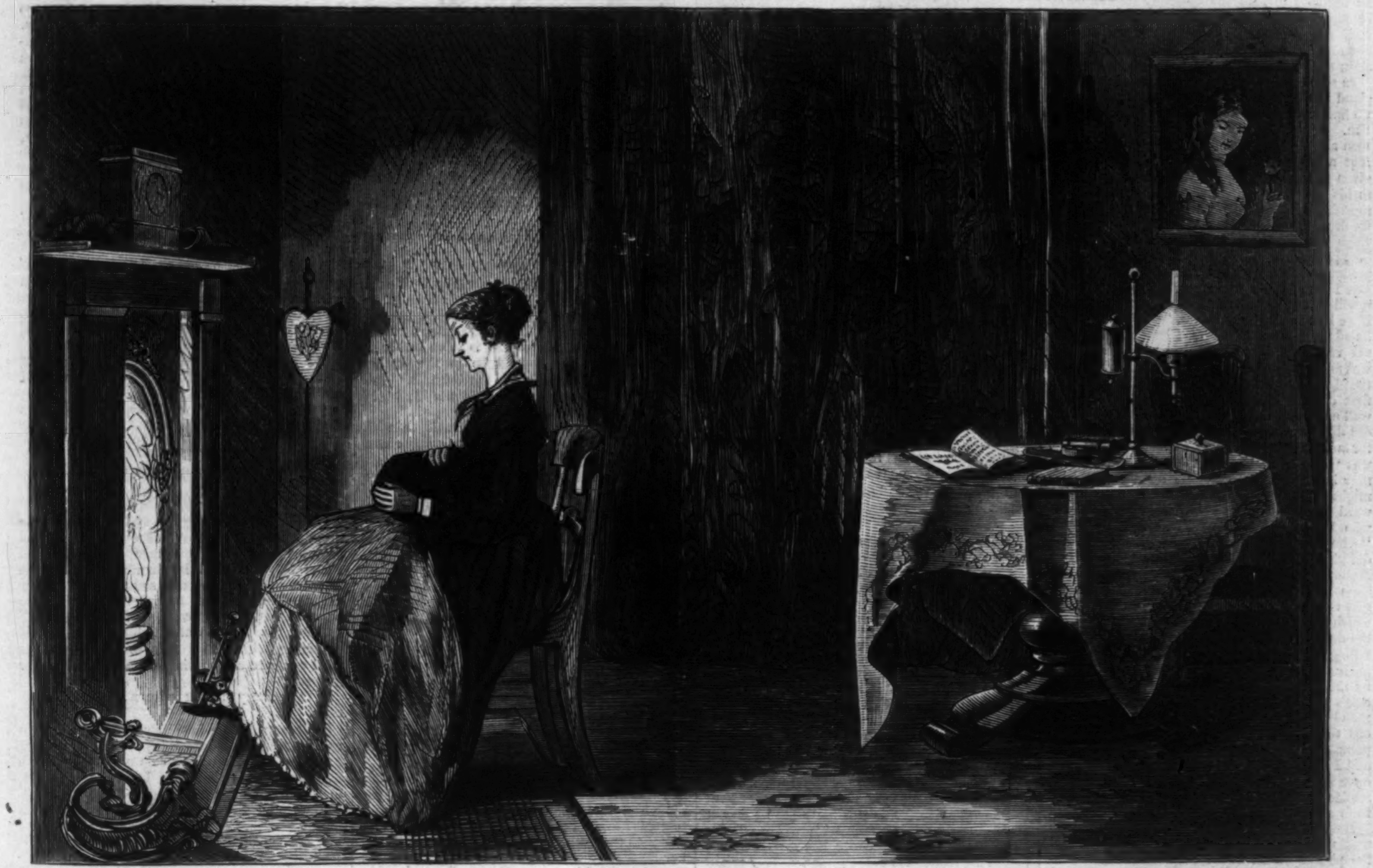
The juvenile students of a certain Western college have discarded the name "pony," hitherto applied to their classical literature friend, and have substituted "velocipede," as being more modern and scientific.

The latest defense for crime, on the ground of insanity, is after this style: "A man who commits crime is not sane. In the first place, when he does it, he sins against himself; in the second place, he sins against his fellow-man; and, in the third place, he sins against his Creator—and, gentlemen of the jury, no man can do those three things and be a perfectly sane man!"

Are gentlemen aware of the popular interpretation given to the fashionable queue worn by the ladies? Report says that this solitary ringlet, which floats from so many waterfalls, is a notification on the part of the wearers that they are not engaged. If it is extremely long the wearer is supposed to be very desirous of getting spliced at once—if only moderately long, it shows that only good offers will be entertained—an extremely short, meagre ringlet indicates that the wearer is very particular as to whom she accepts, but nevertheless shows that she is not yet en-



JURORS LISTENING TO COUNSEL, SUPREME COURT, NEW CITY HALL, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See Page 122.]

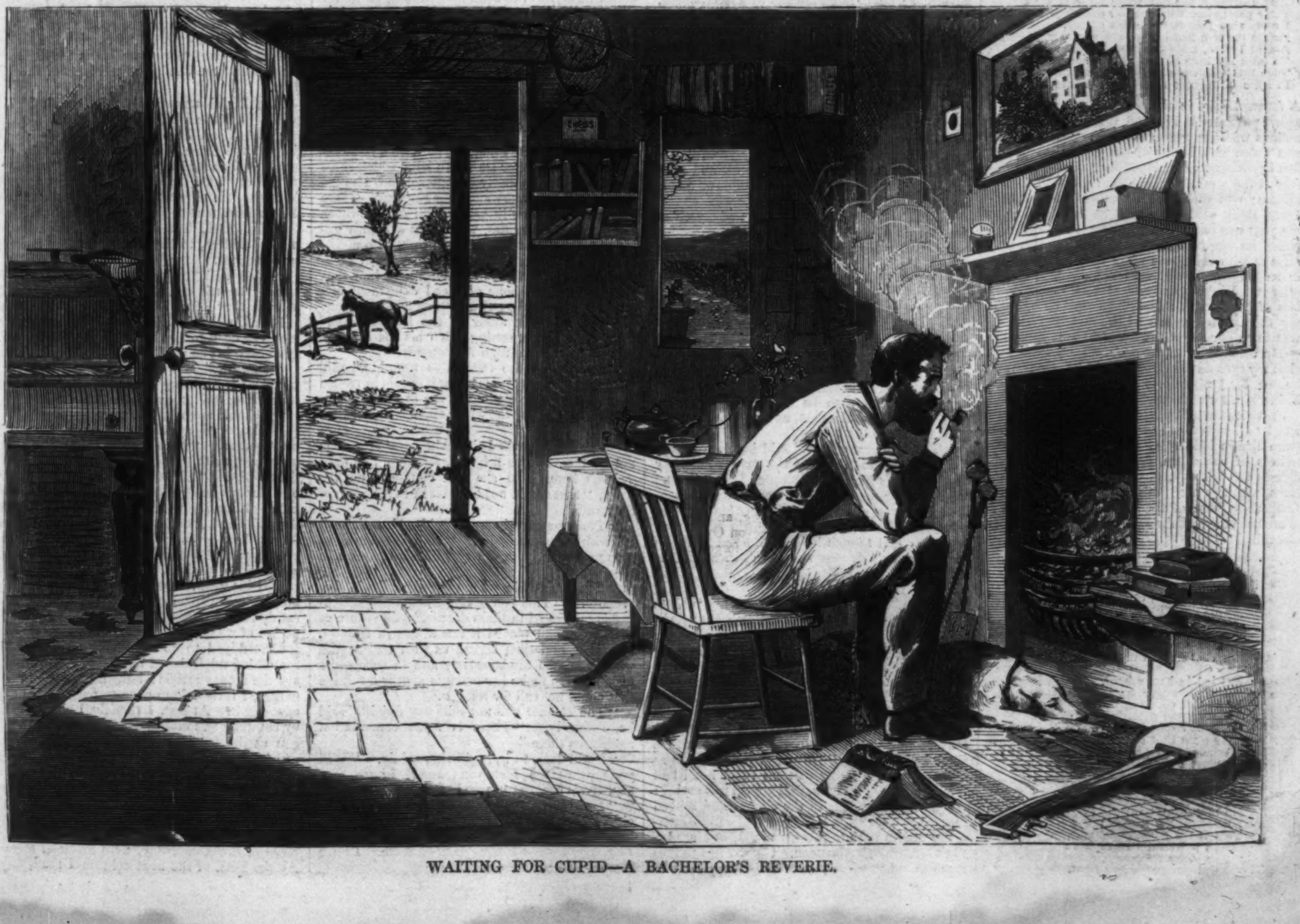


WAITING FOR CUPID—A SPINSTER'S REVERIE.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

VALENTINE'S DAY is now almost every where a much degenerated festival, the only observance of any note consisting merely of the sending of jocular anonymous letters to parties whom one wishes to *quiz*, and this confined very much to the humbler classes. The approach of the day is now heralded by the appearance in the print-sellers' shop-windows of vast numbers of missives calculated for use on this occasion, each generally consisting of a single sheet of post-paper, on the first page of which is seen some ridiculous colored caricature of the male or female figure, with a few burlesque verses below. More rarely, the print is of a sentimental kind, such as a view of Hymen's altar, with a pair undergoing initiation into wedded happiness before it, while Cupid flutters above, and hearts transfixed with his darts decorate the corners. Maid-servants and young fellows interchange such epistles with each other on the 14th of February, no doubt conceiving that the joke is amazingly good; and, generally, the newspapers do not fail to record that the postmen delivered so many hundred thousand more letters on that day than they do in general. Such is nearly the whole extent of the observances now peculiar to St. Valentine's Day.

At no remote period it was very different. Ridiculous letters were unknown; and, if letters of any kind were sent, they contained only a courteous profession of attachment from some young man to some young maiden, honeyed with a few compliments to her various perfections, and expressive of a hope that his love might meet with return. But the true proper ceremony of St. Valentine's Day was the drawing of a kind of lottery, followed by ceremonies not much unlike what is generally called the game of forfeits. Misson, a learned traveler of the early part of the last century, gives apparently a correct account of the principal ceremonial of the day. "On the eve of St. Valentine's Day," he says, "the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together; each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his *valentine*, and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines; but the man sticks faster to the valentine that has fallen to him than to the valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortuno



WAITING FOR CUPID—A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love."

In that curious record of domestic life in England in the reign of Charles II., *Pepys's Diary*, we find some notable illustrations of this old custom. It appears that married and single were then alike liable to be chosen as a valentine, and that a present was invariably and necessarily given to the choosing party. Mr. Pepys enters in his diary, on Valentine's Day, 1667: "This morning came up to my wife's bedside (I being up dressing myself) little Will Mercer to be her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines." Two days after, he adds: "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me: which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing mottoes as well as names, so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was, I forget; but my wife's was 'Most courteous and most fair,' which, as it may be used, or an anagram upon each name, might be very pretty." Noticing, soon afterward, the jewels of the celebrated Miss Stuart, who became Duchess of Richmond, he says: "The Duke of York, being once her valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800; and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about £300." These presents were undoubtedly given in order to *relieve* the obligation under which the being drawn as valentines had placed the donors. In February, 1668, Pepys notes as follows: "This evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately, as my valentine's gift this year, a Turkey-stone set with diamonds. With this, and what she had, she reckons that she hath above one hundred and fifty pounds' worth of jewels of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with." The reader will understand wretch to be used as a term of endearment.

Notwithstanding the practice of *relieving*, there seems to have been a disposition to believe that the person drawn as a valentine had some considerable likelihood of becoming the associate of the party in wedlock. At least, we may suppose that this idea would be gladly and easily arrived at, where the party so drawn was at all eligible from other considerations. There was, it appears, a prevalent notion among the common people, that this was the day on which the birds selected their mates. They seem to have imagined that an influence was inherent in the day, which rendered in some degree binding the lot or chance by which any youth or maid was now led to fix his attention on a person of the opposite sex. It was supposed, for instance, that the first unmarried person of the other sex whom one met on St. Valentine's morning in walking abroad, was a destined wife or a destined husband. Thus Gay makes a rural dame remark:

> "Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
> Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
> I early rose just at the break of day,
> Before the sun had chased the stars away:
> A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
> To milk my kine (for so should housewives do).
> Thee first I spied—and the first swain we see,
> In spite of Fortune shall our true love be."

A forward Miss in the *Connoisseur*, a series of essays published in 1754–56, thus adverts to other notions with respect to the day: "Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamed of my sweetheart; Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it?—Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

St. Valentine's Day is alluded to by Shakspeare and by Chaucer, and also by the poet Lydgate (who died in 1440). One of the earliest known writers of valentines, or poetical amorous addresses for this day, was Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken at the battle of Agincourt. Drayton, a poet of Shakspeare's time, full of great but almost unknown beauties, wrote thus charmingly

TO HIS VALENTINE.

Muse, bid the morn awake,
  Sad winter now declines,
Each bird doth choose a mate,
  This day's St. Valentine's:
For that good bishop's sake
  Get up, and let us see
  What beauty it shall be
    That fortune us assigns.

But lo! in happy hour,
  The place wherein she lies,
In yonder climbing tower
  Gilt by the glittering rise;
Oh, Jove! that in a shower,
  As once that thunderer did,
  When he in drops lay hid,
    That I could her surprise!

Her canopy I'll draw,
  With spangled plumes bedight,
No mortal ever saw
  So ravishing a sight;
That it the gods might awe,
  And powerfully transpierce
  The globy universe,
    Out-shooting every light.

My lips I'll softly lay
  Upon her heavenly cheek,
Dyed like the dawning day,
  As polish'd ivory sleek:
And in her ear I'll say,
  "Oh thou bright morning-star!
  'Tis I that come so far,
    My valentine to seek."

Each little bird, this tide,
  Doth choose her loved peer,
Which constantly abide
  In wedlock all the year,
As nature is their guide:
  So may we two be true
  This year, nor change for new,
    As turtles coupled were.

Let's laugh at them that choose
  Their valentines by lot;
To wear their names that use,
  Whom idly they have got.
Such poor choice we refuse,
  St. Valentine befriend;
  We thus this morn may spend,
    Else, Muse, awake her not.

THE JURY BOX, NEW YORK SUPREME COURT.

MR. WINSLOW HOMER's characteristic drawing on page 120 shows the pleading of a case before the jury of our State Supreme Court in New York city. The scene is laid in the New City Hall. The picture is remarkable for its delineation of character, apart from its value as a faithful representation of life in the arena of jurisprudence.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XX.

OUR INNER LIFE.

LET me open this chapter with an apology, and I mean it not only to extend to errors of the past, but to whatever similar blunders I may commit hereafter. What I desire to ask pardon for is this: I find in this attempt of mine to jot down a portion of my life that I have laid a most disproportionate stress on some passages the most insignificant and unimportant. Thus, in my last chapter, I have dwelt unreasonably on the narrative of one day's pleasure, while it may be that a month, or several months, shall pass over with scarcely mention. For this fault—and I do not attempt to deny it is a fault—I have but one excuse. It is this: my desire has been to place before my reader the events, small as they might be, that influenced my life and decided my destiny. Had I not gone to this fête, for instance; had I taken my holiday in some quiet ramble into the hills alone; or had I passed it—as I have passed scores of happy hours—in the solitude of my own room, how different might have been my fate!

We all of us know how small and apparently insignificant are the events by which the course of our lives is shapen. A look we catch at parting—a word spoken that might have passed unheard—a pressure of the hand that might or might not have been felt, and straightway all our sailing orders are revoked, and instead of north we go south. Bearing this in mind, my reader will perhaps forgive me, and at least bethink him that these things are not done by me through inadvertence, but of intention and with forethought.

"So we are about to part," said Hanserl to me as I awoke and found my old companion at my bedside. "You're the twenty-fifth that has left me," said he, mournfully. "But look to it, Knabe; change is not always betterment."

"It was none of *my* doing, Hanserl; none of *my* seeking."

"If you had worn the gray jacket you wear on Sundays there would have been none of this, lad! I have seen double as many years in the yard as you have been in the world, and none have ever seen me at the master's table or waltzing with the master's daughter."

I could not help smiling in spite of myself at the thought of such a spectacle.

"Nor is there need to laugh because I speak of dancing," said he, quickly. "They could tell you up in Kleptowitz there are worse performers than Hans Spöner; and if he is not an Englishman, he is an honest Austrian!" This he said with a sort of defiance, as if he expected a reply.

"I have told you already, Hans," said I, soothingly, "that it was none of my seeking if I am to be transferred from the yard. I was very happy there—very happy to be with you. We were good comrades in the past, as I hope we may be good friends in the future."

"That can scarcely be," said he, sorrowfully. "I can have no friend in the man I must say 'Sir' to. It's Herr Ignaz's order," went he on; "he sent for me this morning, and said, 'Hanserl, when you address Herr von Owen'—ay, he said Herr *von* Owen—'never forget he is your superior; and though he once worked with you here in the yard, that was his caprice, and he will do so no more.'"

"But, Hans, my dear old friend—"

"Ja, ja," said he, waving his hand: "'Jetz ist aus!' It is all over now. Here's your reckoning," and he laid a slip of paper on the bed. "Twelve gulden for the dinners, three-fifty for wine and beer, two gulden for the wash. There were four kreutzers for the girl with the guitar; you bade me give her ten, but four was plenty—that makes seventeen-six-and-sixty: and you've twenty-three gulden and thirty-four kreutzers in that packet, and so Leb wohl." And with a short wave of his hand he turned away; but as he left the room I saw that the other hand had been drawn over his eyes, for Hanserl was crying: and I buried my face in the clothes and sobbed bitterly.

My orders were to present myself at Herr Ignaz's private office by noon. Careful not to presume on what seemed at least a happy turn in my destiny, I dressed in my everyday clothes, studious only that they should be clean and well brushed.

"I had forgotten you altogether, boy," said Herr Ignaz, as I entered the office, and he went on closing his desk and his iron safe before leaving for dinner. "What was it I had to say to you? Can you help me to it, lad?"

"I'm afraid not, Sir; I only know that you told me to be here at this hour."

"Let me see," said he, thoughtfully. "There was no complaint against you?"

"None, Sir, that I know of."

"Nor have you any to make against old Hanserl?"

"Far from it, Sir. I have met only kindness from him."

"Wait, wait, wait," said he. "I believe I am coming to it. It was Sara's doing. Yes, I have it now. Sara said you should not be in the yard; that you had been well brought up and cared for. A young girl's fancy, perhaps. Your hands were white. But there is more bad than good in this. Men should be in the station they're fit for; neither above nor below it. And you did well in the yard; ay, and you liked it?"

"I certainly was very happy there, Sir."

"And that's all one strives for," said he, with a faint sigh; "to be at rest—to be at rest: and why would you change, boy?"

"I am not seeking a change, Sir. I am here because you bade me."

"That's true. Come in and eat your soup with us, and we'll see what the girl says, for I have forgotten all about it."

He opened a small door which led by a narrow stair into a back street, and shuffling along, with his hat drawn over his eyes, made for the little garden over the wooden bridge, and to his door. This he unlocked, and then bidding me follow, he ascended the stairs.

The room into which we entered was furnished in the most plain and simple fashion. A small table, with a coarse cloth and some common ware, stood ready for dinner, and a large loaf on a wooden platter occupied the middle. There were but two places prepared; but the old man speedily arranged a third place, muttering to himself the while, but what I could not catch.

As he was thus engaged the Fräulein entered. She was dressed in a sort of brown serge, which, though of the humblest tissue, showed her figure to great advantage, for it fitted to perfection, and designed the graceful lines of her shoulders and her taper waist to great advantage. She saluted me with the faintest possible smile, and said: "You are come to dine with us?"

"If there be enough to give him to eat," said the old man, gruffly. "I have brought him here, however, with other thoughts. There was something said last night—what was it, girl?—something about this lad—do you remember it?"

"Here is the soup, father," said she, calmly. "We'll bethink us of these things by-and-by." There was a strange air of half command in what she said, the tone of one who asserted a certain supremacy, as I was soon to see she did in the household. "Sit here, Herr von Owen," said she, pointing to my place; and her words were uttered like an order.

In perfect silence the meal went on; a woman-servant entering to replace the soup by a dish of boiled meat, but not otherwise waiting on us, for Sara rose and removed our plates and served us with fresh ones; an office I would gladly have taken from her, and indeed essayed to do, but at a gesture, and a look that there was no mistaking, I sat down again, and, unmindful of my presence, they soon began to talk of business matters, in which, to my astonishment, the young girl seemed thoroughly versed. Cargoes of grain for Athens consigned to one house were now to be transferred to some other. There were large orders from France for staves, to meet which some one should be promptly dispatched into Hungary. Hemp, too, was wanted for England. There was a troublesome litigation with an Insurance Company at Marseilles, which was evidently going against the House of Oppovich. So unlike was all this the tone of dinner conversation I was used to that I listened in wonderment, how they could devote the hour of social enjoyment and relaxation to details so perplexing and so vulgar.

"There is that affair of the leakage, too," cried Herr Ignaz, setting down his glass before drinking; "I had nigh forgotten it."

"I answered the letter this morning," said the girl, gravely. "It is better it should be settled at once, while the exchanges are in our favor."

"And pay—pay the whole amount!" cried he, angrily.

"Pay it all," replied she, calmly. "We must not let them call us litigious, father. You have *friends* here," and she laid emphasis on the word, "that would not be grieved to see you get the name."

"Twenty-seven thousand gulden!" exclaimed he, with a quivering lip. "And how am I to save money for your dowry, girl, with losses like these?"

"You forget, Sir, we are not alone," said she, proudly. "This young Englishman can scarcely feel interested in these details." She arose as she spoke, and placed a few dishes of fruit on the table, and then served us with coffee; the whole done so unobtrusively and in such quiet fashion as to make her services appear a routine that could not call for remark.

"The *Dalmat* will not take our freight," said he, suddenly. "There is some combination against us there."

"I will look to it," said she, coldly. "Will you try these figs, Herr von Owen? Fiume, they say, rivals Smyrna in purple figs."

"I will have no more to do with figs or olives either," cried out Herr Ignaz. "The English beat you down to the lowest price, and then refuse your cargo for one damaged crête. I have had no luck with England."

Unconsciously, I know it was, his eyes turned fully on me as he spoke, and there was a defiance in his look that seemed like a personal challenge.

"He does not mean it for you," said the Fräulein, gently, in my ear, and her voice gained a softness I did not know it possessed.

Perhaps the old man's thoughts had taken a very gloomy turn, for he leaned his head on his hand and seemed sunk in reverie. The Fräulein rose quietly, and beckoning me to follow her, moved noiselessly into an adjoining room. This chamber, furnished a little more tastefully, had a piano, and some books and prints lay about on the tables.

"My father likes to be left alone at times," said she, gravely; "and when you know us better you will learn to see what these times are." She took up some needle-work she had been engaged on, and sat down on a sofa. I did not well know whether to take my leave or keep her company, and while I hesitated she appeared to read my difficulty, and said, "You are free, Herr von Owen, if you have any engagement."

"I have none," said I; then remembering that the speech might mean to dismiss me, I added, hastily, "but it is time to go."

"Good-by, then," said she, making me a slight bow; and I went.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE OFFICE.

ON the following day the cashier sent for me to say it was Herr Oppovich's wish that I should be attached to some department in the office till I had fully mastered its details, and then be transferred to another, and so on till I had fully acquainted myself with the whole business of the house. "It's an old caprice of Herr Ignaz's," said he, "which repeated failures have not yet discouraged him with. You're the fifth he has tried to make a supervisor of, and you'll follow the rest."

"Is it so very difficult to learn?" asked I, modestly.

"Perhaps to one of your acquirements it might not," said he, with quiet irony; "but for a slight example: here, in this office, we correspond with five countries in their own languages; yonder, in that room, they talk modern Greek, and Albanian, and Servian; there's the Hungarian group next that bow-window, and that takes in the Lower Danube; and in what we call the Expedizions department, there are fellows who speak seventeen dialects and can write ten or twelve. So much for languages. Then what do you say to mastering—since that's the word they have for it—the grain trade from Russia, rags from Transylvania, staves from Hungary, fruit from the Levant, cotton from Egypt, minerals from lower Austria, and woolen fabrics from Bohemia? We do something in all of these, besides a fair share in oak-bark and hemp."

"Stop, for mercy's sake!" I cried out. "It would take a lifetime to gain a mere current knowledge of these."

"Then, there's the finance department," said he; "watching the rise and fall of the exchanges, buying and selling gold. Herr Ulrich, in that office with the blue door, could tell you it's not to be picked up of an afternoon. Perhaps you might as well begin with him; his is not a bad school to take the fine edge off you."

"I shall do whatever you advise me."

"I'll speak to Herr Ulrich, then," said he; and he left me, to return almost immediately, and conduct me within the precincts of the blue door.

Herr Ulrich was a tall, thin, ascetic-looking man, with his hair brushed rigidly back from the narrowest head I ever saw. His whole idea of life was the office, which he arrived at by daybreak, and never left, except to visit the Bourse, till late at night. He disliked, of all things, new faces about him; and it was a piece of malice on the cashier's part to bring me before him.

"I believed I had explained to Herr Ignaz already," said he, to the cashier, "that I am not a schoolmaster."

"Well, well," broke in the other, in a muffled voice, "try the lad. He may not be so incompetent; they tell me he has had some education."

Herr Ulrich raised his spectacles, and surveyed me from head to foot for some seconds. "You have been in the yard?" said he, in question.

"Yes, Sir."

"And is counting oaken staves the first step to learning foreign exchanges, think you?"

"I should say not, Sir."

"I know whose scheme this is well enough," muttered he. "I see it all. That will do; you may leave us to talk together alone," said he to the cashier. "Sit down there, lad; there's your own famous newspaper, the *Times*. Make me a *précis* of the money-article as it touches Austrian securities and Austrian enterprises; contrast the report there given with what that French paper contains; and don't leave till it be finished." He returned to his high stool as he spoke, and resumed his work. On the table before me lay a mass of newspapers in different languages, and I sat down to examine them with the very vaguest notion of what was expected of me.

Determined to do something—whatever that something might be—I opened the *Times* to find out the money article; but, little versed in journalism, I turned from page to page without discovering it. At last, I thought I should find it by carefully scanning the columns; and so I began at the top and read the various headings, which happened to be those of the trials then going on. There was a cause of salvage on the part of the owners of the *Lively Jane*; there was a disputed ownership of certain dock-warrants for indigo, a breach of promise case, and a suit for damages for injuries incurred on the rail. None of these, certainly, were financial articles. At the head of the next column I read, Court of Probate and Divorce. "Mr. Spanks moved that the decree *nisi*, in the suit of Cleremont *v.* Cleremont, be made absolute. Motion allowed. The damages in this suit against Sir Roger Norcott have been fixed at eight thousand five hundred pounds."

From these lines I could not turn my eyes. They revealed nothing, it is true, but what I knew well must happen; but there is that in a confirmation of a fact brought suddenly before us that always awakens deep reflection; and now I brought up before my mind my poor mother, deserted and forsaken, and my father, ruined in character, and, perhaps, in fortune.

I had made repeated attempts to find out my mother's address, but all my letters had failed to reach her. Could there be any chance of discovering her through this suit? Was it possible that she might have intervened in any way in it? And, last of all, would this lawyer, whose name appeared in the proceedings, take compassion on my unhappy condition, and aid me to discover where my mother was? I meditated long over all this, and I ended by convincing myself that there are few people in the world who are not well pleased to do a kind thing which costs little in the doing; and so I resolved I would write to Mr. Spanks, and address him at the court he practiced in. I could not help feeling that it was at a mere straw I was grasping; but nothing more tangible lay within my reach. I wrote thus:

"SIR,—I am the son and only child of Sir Roger and Lady Norcott; and seeing that you have lately conducted a suit against my father, I ask you, as a great favor, to let me know where my mother is now living, that I may write to her. I know that I am taking a great liberty in obtruding this request upon you; but I am very friendless, and very little versed in worldly knowledge. Will you let both these deficiencies plead for me? and let me sign myself,

"Your grateful servant,
"DIGBY NORCOTT.

"You can address me at the house of Hodnig and Oppovich, Fiume, Austria, where I am living as a clerk, and under the name of Digby Owen—Owen being the name of my mother's family."

I was not very well pleased with the composition of this letter; but it had one recommendation, which I chiefly sought for—it was short, and for this reason I hoped it might be favorably received. I read it over and over, each time seeing some new fault, or some omission to correct; and then I would turn again to the newspaper, and ponder over the few words that meant so much and yet revealed so little. How my mother's position would be affected—if at all—by this decision I could not tell. Indeed, it was the mere accident of hearing divorce discussed at my father's table that enabled me to know what the terms of the law implied. And thus I turned from my letter to the newspaper, and back again from the newspaper to my letter, so engrossed by the theme that I forgot where I was, and utterly forgot all about that difficult task Herr Ulrich had set me. Intense thought and weariness of mind, aided by the unbroken stillness of the place, made me heavy and drowsy. From poring over the paper I gradually bent down till my head rested on it, and I fell sound asleep.

I must have passed hours thus, for it was already evening when I awoke. Herr Ulrich was about to leave the office, and had his hat on, as he aroused me.

"It is supper-time, youngster," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder. "Yes, you may well wonder where you are. What are you looking for?"

"I thought, Sir, I had written a letter just before I fell asleep. I was writing here." And I turned over the papers and shook them, tossing them wildly about, to discover the letter, but in vain. It was not there. Could it have been that I had merely composed it in my mind, and never have committed it to paper? but that could scarcely be, seeing how fresh in my memory were all the doubts and hesitations that had beset me.

"I am sure I wrote a letter here," said I, trying to recall each circumstance in my mind.

"When you have finished dreaming, lad, I will lock the door," said he, waiting to see me pass out.

"Forgive me; one moment, Sir, only one," cried I, wildly scattering the papers over the table. "It is of consequence to me—what I have written."

"That is if you have written any thing," said he, dryly.

The grave tone of this doubt determined the conflict in my mind.

"I suppose you are right," said I, "it was a dream." And I arose and followed him out.

As I reached the foot of the stairs I came suddenly on Herr Ignaz and his daughter. It was a common thing for her to come and accompany him home at the end of the day's work, and as latterly he had become much broken and very feeble, she scarcely missed a day in this attention. "Oh, here he is," I heard her say as I came up. What he replied I could not catch, but it was with some earnestness she rejoined:

"Herr von Owen, my father wishes to say that they have mistaken his instructions regarding you in the office. He never expected you could at once possess yourself of all the details of a varied business; he meant that you should go about and see what branch you would like to attach yourself to, and to do this he will give you ample time. Take a week; take two; a month, if you like." And she made a little gesture of friendly adieu with her hand, and passed on.

BLUE AND WHITE.

"Or all the colors, sweet Sir, what may your favorite be?"
And the lad I had nurst back to life looked up, and made answer to me:
"Two colors I choose—blue and white." Then up from my throat did there spread,
Yea, to my very temples, a dye of the happy red;
For a maiden's face will flush at the lightest thing evermore;
And blue was the ribbon that bound my hair, and white was the gown that I wore.

"May I tell you all, lady sweet?" "Ay, Sir, an' it please you so."
All alone with each other we sat in the fire-light's glow:
He, the lad whom our men had found nigh dead close by,
And the mother that bare him could never have nurst him more gently than I.

"Sister—nay, pardon my freedom—but oh, you have been so good,
I well could wish that I owed you the duty of brotherhood;
Crown your sweet favors with this, the greatest of all, and be
As tender to her I love as you have been tender to me."

Then over every sense there swept down a terrible, dim
Dusk of oblivion, as there I sat, and listened to him.
Silence a moment, and then, by the helping of God His grace,
I answered: "Yea, brother, I will," with a very smile on my face.

"Now, God bless you, sister. Listen. A year ago
She gave herself to me for ever and ever, and so,
One sweet autumn eve, in the time of the falling of dew,
I gemmed her little white hand with a circlet of sapphires blue.

"She, my own lady, taketh ever the most delight
In the calm virginal colors—the delicate blue and white:
And, sister, mine eyes were soothed with a sense of lovesome repose
When I saw you this evening wear the hues that my darling chose."

Oh, but the bonnie blue ribbon pressed on my head all too tight!
Oh, but my heart beat wild beneath its virginal white;
Oh, but the hours were long as I knelt in the dark alone,
Moaning: "My Father, teach me to say but, 'Thy will be done.'"

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY, NEW YORK.

THE Mercantile Library in this city has now 100,000 volumes, embracing the best works on every topic. About 10,000 volumes are added yearly. Popular works are largely duplicated; often 200 copies of a popular novel are purchased. All English books of interest to general readers, or of special value, are imported as soon as published. The yearly income of the Library Association is $60,000, and it holds real estate valued at $500,000; it has $150,000 worth of books. The number of stockholders is 2000, and there are 10,000 members. The Reading-room is supplied with 3000 books of reference and 400 periodicals, foreign and domestic.

The Association began its career in 1820; it grew out of a meeting in the Tontine Coffee House of a number of clerks who felt the importance of a society for the promotion of the intellectual improvement of their class. The Library was first opened at 49 Fulton Street. In 1826 it was removed to Cliff Street, where it occupied rooms in Harper & Brothers' publishing house. Then the Clinton Hall Association was organized, and erected the building on the corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, now occupied by the Nassau Bank. Here the Library grew and prospered until the purchase, in 1854, of its present and more eligible quarters up town. We hope that ere long the Association will be able to erect a building more suited to its wants—one which will do New York city as much credit as the magnificent and stately edifice recently erected by the Brooklyn Mercantile Library Association does to Brooklyn.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TURF MOVEMENTS—Grave digging.

HOW TO CURE A COLD—Swallow the oven.

NOVEL PROPOSAL.

ALGERNON. "Is that little Skye-terrier yours?"
LEONORA. "Yes, it is."
ALGERNON. "Do you know the saying, 'Love me, love my dog?'"
LEONORA. "Yes."
ALGERNON. "Do you agree with its philosophy?"
LEONORA. "Oh yes!"
ALGERNON (*after a moment's pause*). "By Jove, I love your dog awfully!"
He was accepted.

CURIOUS STATISTICS.

"It has been estimated that the cost of washing linen that might just as well be worn two days longer, amounts to enough in this country to more than defray the expenses of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

"The expense of buttons on the backs of our coats, where they are of no earthly use, is equal to the support of all our orphan asylums.

"It is estimated that the value of old boots thrown aside, which might have been worn at least a day longer, is more than enough to buy a flannel night-gown for every baby in the land. Also, that the cost of every inch on the full shirt-collars of our young men, is equal to the sum necessary to put a Bible in the hands of every Patagonian giant."

PRESENTS FOR A GIRL OF THE PERIOD—A bottle of olives, and a box of cigars.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "The hand that can make a pie is a continual feast to the husband that marries it."

"SLEEPING IN CHURCH."

One of our preachers mentioned seeing six hundred people asleep at one time while in church.

O'er their devoted heads,
While the law thundered,
Snugly and heedlessly
Snored the six hundred,
Great was the preacher's theme,
Screwed on was all the steam,
Neither with shout nor scream
Could he disturb the dream
Of the six hundred.

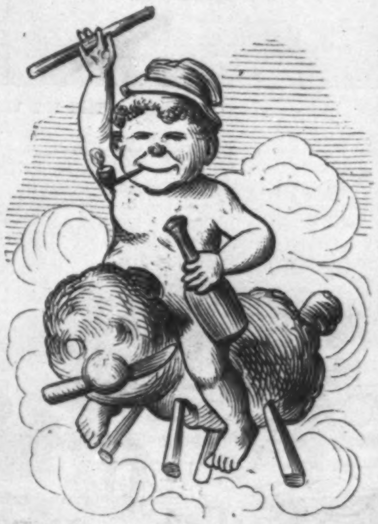
Terrors to right of them,
Terrors to left of them,
Terrors in front of them—
Hell itself plundered
Of its most awful things
Weak-minded preacher flings—
Kindly he spoke, and well
All on deaf ears it fell,
Vain was his loudest yell
Volley'd and thundered;
For, caring—the truth to tell—
Neither for heaven nor hell
Snored the six hundred.

Still with redoubled zeal,
Still he spoke onward,
And, in a wild appeal,
Striking with hand and heel—
Making the pulpit reel,
Shaken and thundered—
Called them the church's foes—
Threatened with hand and heel—
Faintly the answer rose
(Proof of their sweet repose)
From the united nose
Of the six hundred.

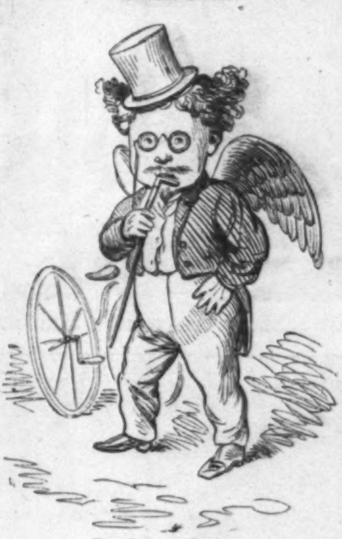
A young lady in the course of a lecture, the other day, said, "Get married, young men, and be quick about it, too. Don't wait for the millennium, hoping that the girls will turn to angels before you can trust yourself to one of them. A pretty thing you would be alongside of an angel, would you not, you brute?"

Adam was the only man who never tantalized his wife about "the way mother used to cook."

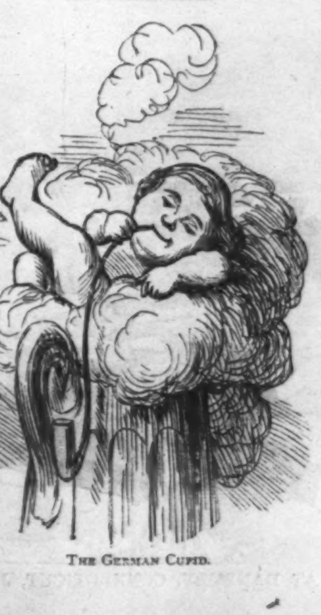
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, 1869.



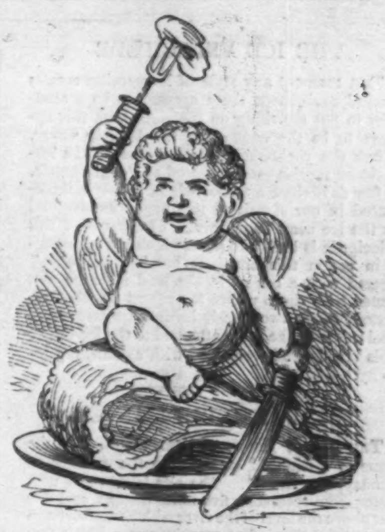
THE IRISH CUPID.



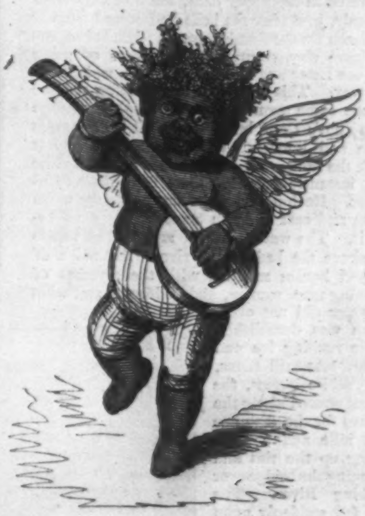
THE FRENCH CUPID.



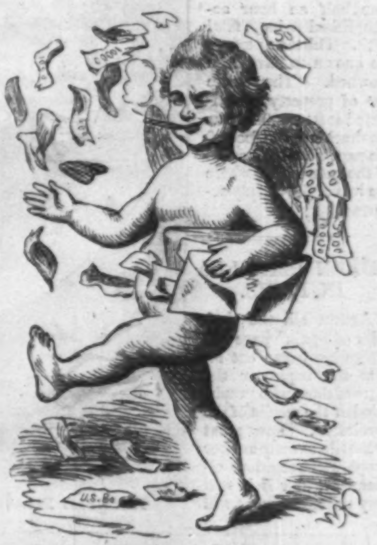
THE GERMAN CUPID.



THE ENGLISH CUPID.



THE AFRICAN CUPID.



THE YANKEE CUPID.

A gentleman once thus addressed a letter to his bride: "My *dearest* Maria." The lady replied: "My dear John, I beg that you will mend either your morals or your grammar. You call me *dearest* Maria; am I to understand that you have other Marias?"

STAGE MANAGER. "John, go and see if the ballet are all dressed, for it is time to ring up the curtain."

Boy returns. "About ready, Sir; got most of their clothes off."

A "**MARINE PARADE**"—A naval review.

POINTED ARCHITECTURE—The Cathedral of Spires.

The lovely hair my Celia wears
Is hers; who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For—I know where she bought it.

A **VERSE BY NATURE'S POET**—The uni-verse.

A **GRATE WORK**—Repairing a stove.

The following touching lines are inscribed on a tombstone in a country church-yard in this State:

Died, when young and full of promise,
Of the whooping-cough, our Thomas.

A **LEARNED FISH**—The re(a)d herring.

Kate was talking glowingly of "love-apples."

"That's strange!" exclaimed Charlie, her accepted lover. "Why should love be associated with apples? On the contrary, I thought love always went in pairs."

Kate smiled approvingly.

THE GRECIAN BEND.

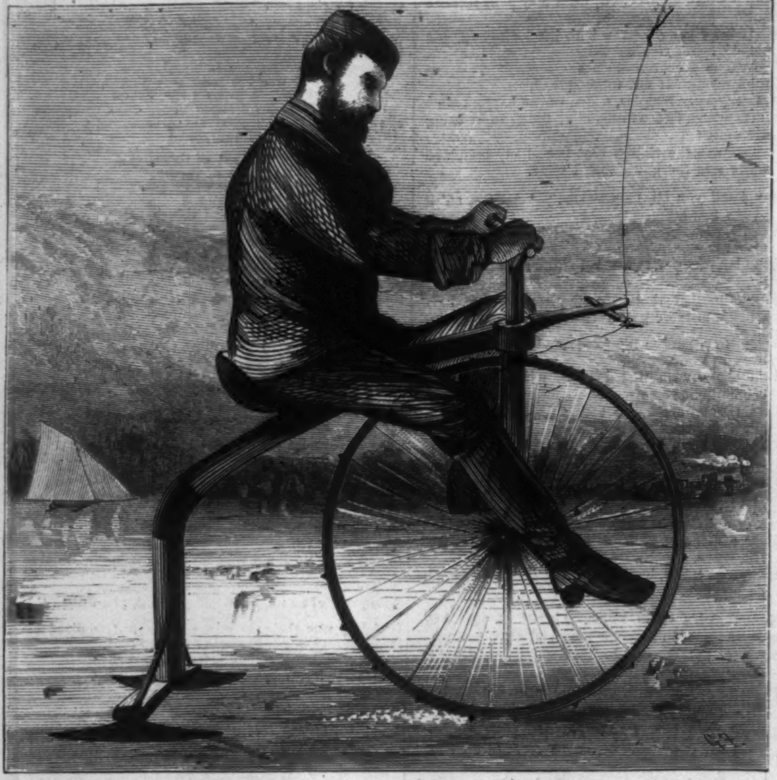
Throw up the chin and out the chest;
Assume the form of the letter S;
Like a kangaroo your arms extend,
And then you'll have the "Grecian Bend."

A "**PUBLIC**" **MEASURE**—Half a quartern.

Why was Mohammed like a man in church with a bad cold? Why—because his coughing (*coffin*) had to be suspended!

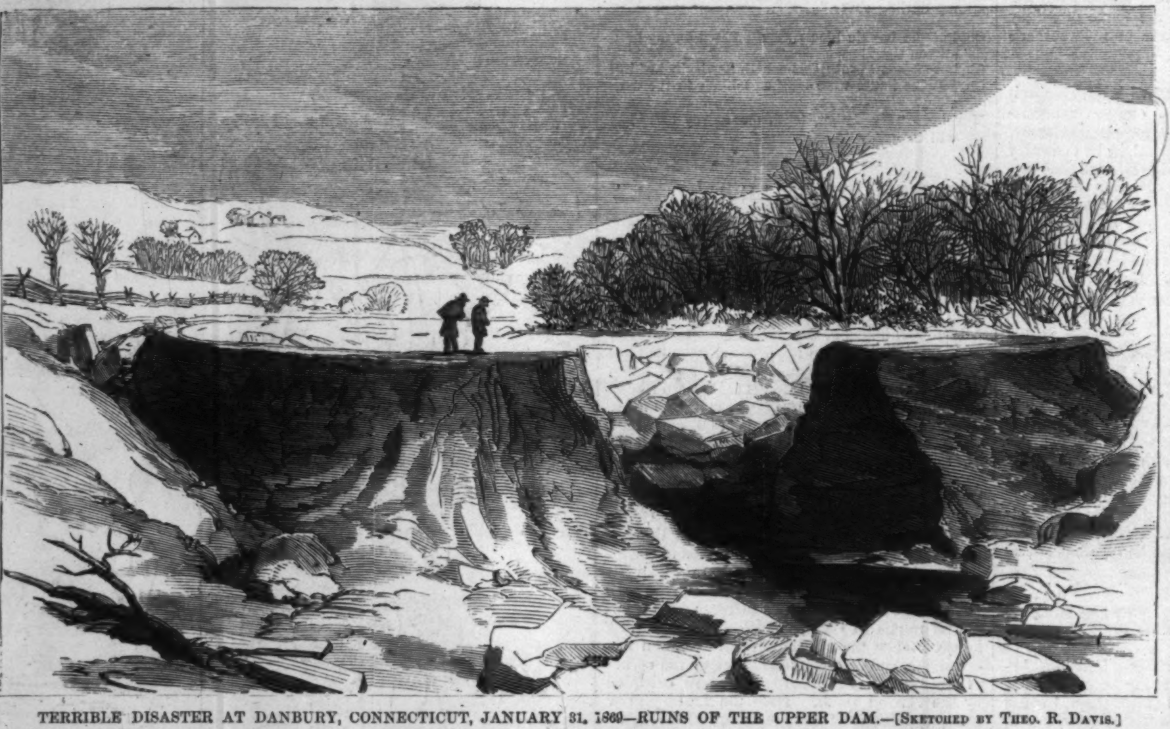
THE ICE VELOCIPEDE.

The moment any style of locomotion creates general excitement there appears to be a tendency to put the thing on ice. At least this appears to be the case along the Hudson River. When the yacht-racing fever came on the ice-yacht enterprise soon followed at Poughkeepsie. A few days since a velocipede of the style represented in our sketch on this page was observed on the ice near Tarrytown. The frame of this velocipede is built like those which are commonly in use in this city. It has but one wheel, steered with a bar as in the land machine, but armed with sharp points to prevent its slipping. Instead of the two wheels behind are two sharp steel runners, like those attached to the ice-boats. This velocipede is propelled with astonishing rapidity.


THE ICE VELOCIPEDE.

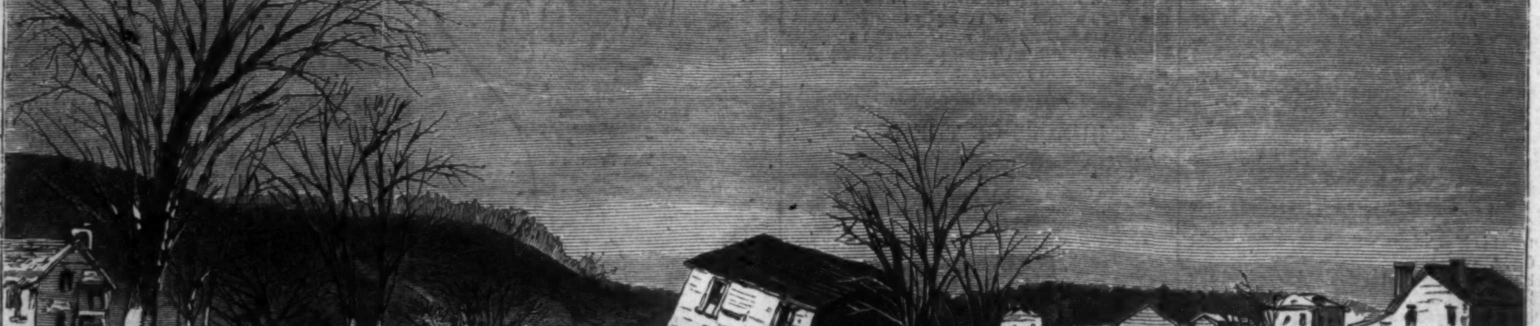
THE DANBURY DISASTER.

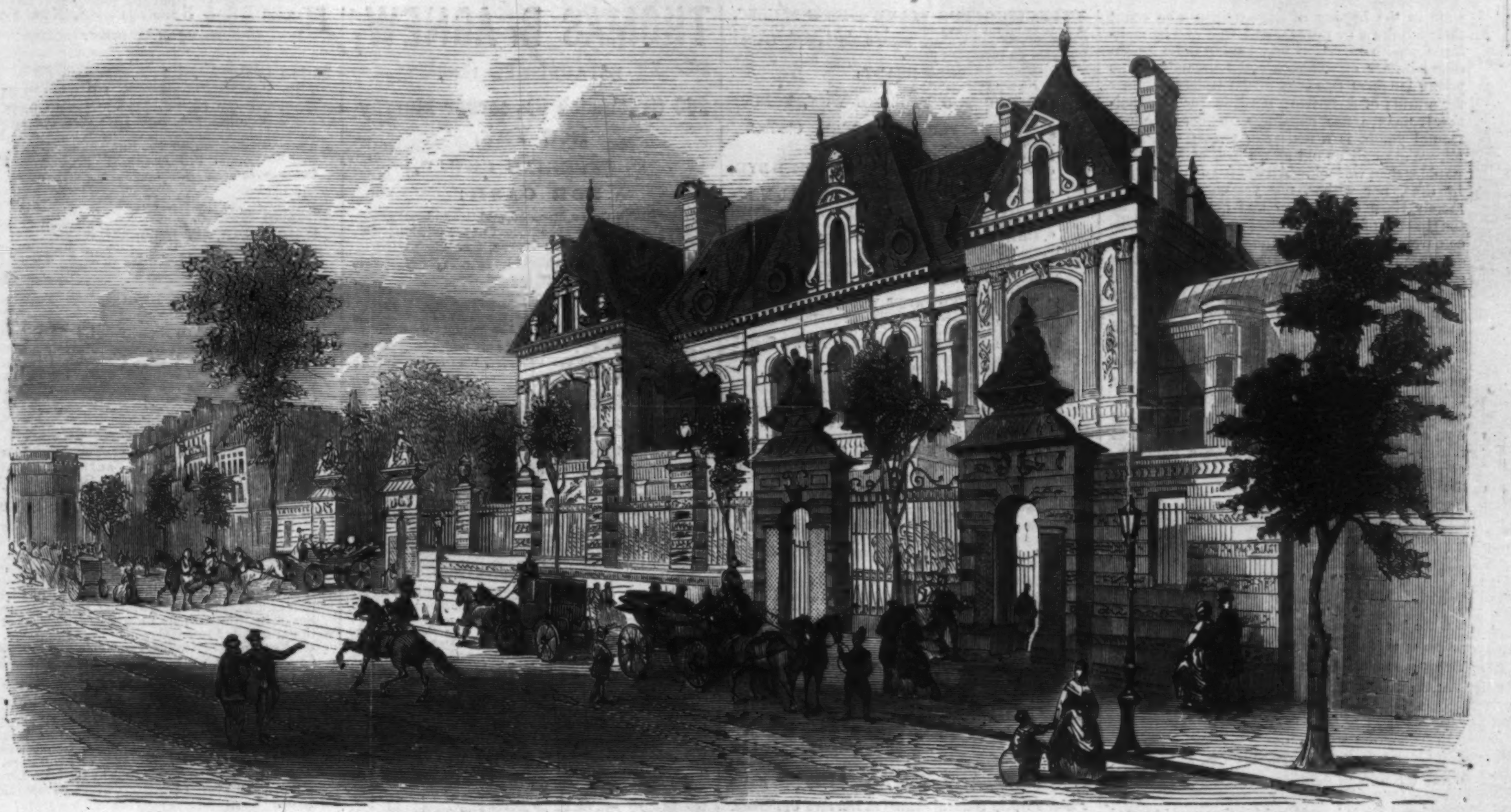
The city of Danbury, Connecticut, was the scene of a frightful calamity on the evening of Sunday, January 31. The city is supplied with water from reservoirs five miles distant, and 250 feet above the level of the river which runs through the town. Some four months ago a break was discovered in the upper dam, but was neglected. Suddenly, just after the bells had ceased ringing for church on the Sunday evening alluded to, the dam gave way, emptying sixty acres of water upon the lower and smaller reservoir, which also gave way. This immense and rushing volume of water came upon the town through the gorge above Flint's Dam, bringing with it huge masses of ice and lumber. With terrible velocity it struck the houses on Main Street near the river bank, instantly sweeping them from their foundations. Rushing down the flats along the north stream and east of Main Street it swept all before it. The water seethed and roared fifteen feet above the bed of the river; the noise of wrecked houses mingled with the screams of drowning men, women, and children; and what the water did not overwhelm was demolished by the rushing ice and timber. At Still River, near White Street, the current poured along the railroad for the distance of a mile and a half, rooting up the ties and damaging the bridge over Washing River. The blow fell suddenly upon the town, and in less than half an hour accomplished its fatal work. Thirteen persons are known to have been drowned. The entire loss of property is estimated at $100,000. Our illustration at the foot of the page shows the scene of the catastrophe where the loss of life mainly occurred.


TERRIBLE DISASTER AT DANBURY, CONNECTICUT, JANUARY 31, 1869—RUINS OF THE UPPER DAM.—[Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.]

QUEEN ISABELLA IN PARIS.

After all, the "affairs of Spain" have not altogether borne out either the hopes or the fears of those who prophesied of the results of the revolution. Few great events do exactly answer people's expectations either way, and it is still very uncertain what will be the course pursued by patriots or politicians. It would seem, however, that the ex-Queen is waiting for another chance, even though she can have very little hope of being restored. Their Majesties are, it is true, on most friendly and intimate terms with the French Emperor and Empress, the latter going, as it would seem, out of her way to express her profound sympathy; but there is no need to give a fictitious importance to the courtesy of the heads of the politest nation in the world to those who are their unfortunate guests and seek an asylum in their very capital. It was impossible for **Isabella** to remain at Pau, where it was at first believed she would endeavor to maintain correspondence with the frontier, and for some time the residence in Paris was uncertain; but her ex-Majesty has now settled down, and a good many of the royal jewels, or a pretty penny of the royal savings, must have been expended in the completion of the purchase of the Hôtel Basilewski. House property is enormously dear in Paris, and this hôtel has been no exception to the rule; indeed, it was rumored that her Majesty was willing to be off her bargain, but matters have somehow been arranged, and the hôtel is now consigned to its new tenant. It was built by Count **Basilewski** three years ago in the new, or Haussmann, district of Paris, and carte blanche was given to the architects and decorators to make it worthy of the modern portion of the capital. It occupies a fine position in the Avenue Roi de Rome, almost at the angle of the Rue Pauquet. Six gates—four large and two of smaller dimensions—give access to the court-yard, and each of these gates is flanked by two stone pillars supporting allegorical figures, from the workshops of Bloche, representing the four quarters of the globe. Allegory, indeed, seems to have presented itself to the artists in all departments of the palace, even in the decorations of the façade, where warlike figures in all branches of the military and naval services do duty. The building, which is two stories high, is composed of three divisions, the outer ones extending laterally into the court-yard; while the centre, which is furnished with a portico supported by eight columns of the Composite order, is surmounted by the heraldic shield of the Counts **Basilewski**. The court-yard, paved with asphalte, is surrounded with evergreen shrubs, and there is accommodation for eight horses and twelve carriages. Altogether, the space on which the hôtel stands is very circumscribed, for ground costs gold in Paris, and there is very little of either to spare; so that, when the new tenants desired to extend their grounds, the adjoining proprietors raised their prices from 150 francs to 400 francs. The vestibule of the house is of white marble, supported by eight fluted columns, and the furniture is simple enough, consisting of a dozen or so of black wooden chairs, picked out with gold lines. These chairs come from the château of La Granja, near Madrid, and are therefore souvenirs. The interior decorations and furniture are not alto-


SCENE OF THE DISASTER AT DANBURY, CONNECTICUT, JANUARY 31—HEAD OF MAIN STREET.—[Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.]



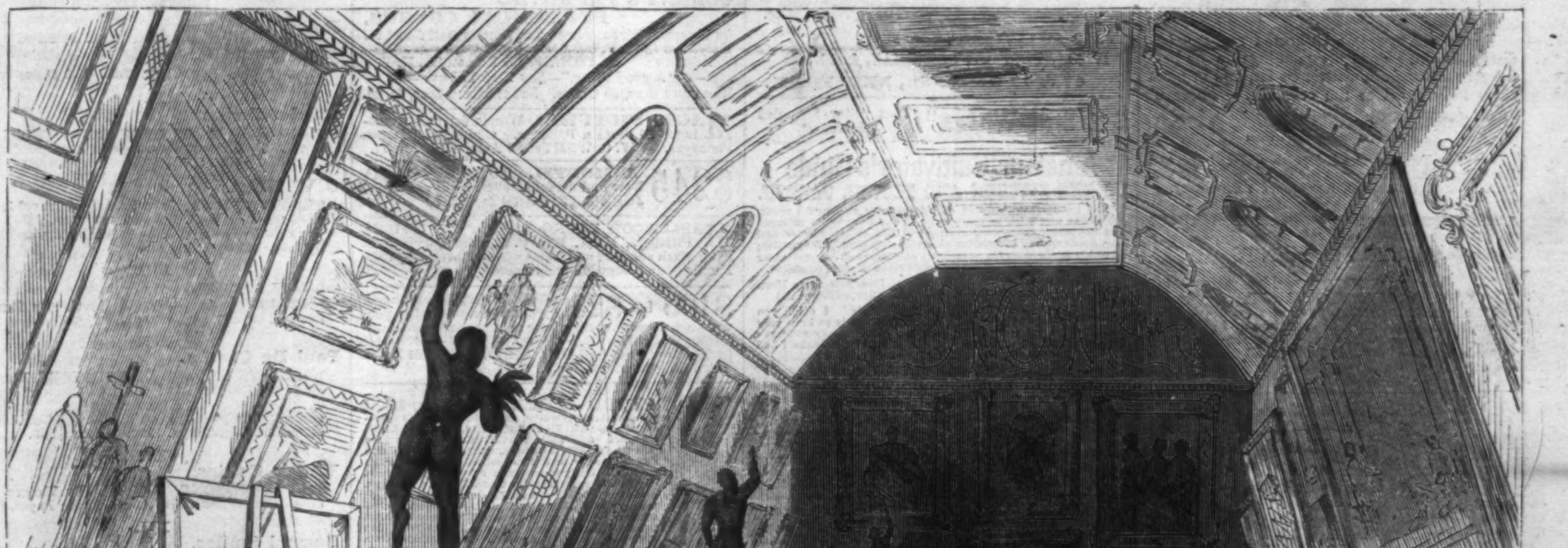
THE HOTEL BASILEWSKI, PARIS, RECENTLY PURCHASED BY QUEEN ISABELLA.

gether completed, but they will be elegant; and the dwelling itself is not by any means an unworthy retreat even for an exiled Queen and her royal consort.

Our correspondent in Paris sends us a graphic sketch representing the reception of Queen ISABELLA at the Luxembourg, on the 18th ult. The occasion excited great interest. "On Friday the 18th," says our correspondent, "it was rumored that the Queen of Spain was to visit the Gallery of the Luxembourg; consequently the streets in that vicinity were crowded with eager beholders of all shapes and colors. There stood the waiting throng for three long hours, their optic nerves stretched to the utmost tension, watching the two-horse cabs and gilded flunkies until 4 o'clock, when their expectation was rewarded by the arrival of the large female who bears the name of Queen. After passing through various portions of the building she made her appearance in the picture-gallery. There stood many copyists, boxes in hand, waiting patiently to behold her ladyship. As she passed through many lifted their hats, some removing them altogether, while others merely smiled by way of greeting. It was evident that she did not admire pictures by the way she hobbled along, keeping her eyes directly in front, while her escort was doing his prettiest to call her attention to some of the principal historical works. When she had got about half-way round the gallery an order was given to clear out the common humans, leaving the Queen and her escort to view the interior of the building at leisure. Myself being one of the common humans, I was turned out with the rest, and so can say no more on that subject."

MATURE SIRENS.

THAT mature sirens can be passionately loved, even when very mature, history gives us more than one example; and the first name that naturally occurs to one's mind as the type of this is that of the famous Ninon de l'Enclos. And Ninon, if a trifle mythical, was yet a fact and an example. But not going quite to Ninon's age, we often see women of forty and upward who are personally charming, and whom men love with as much warmth and tenderness as if they



VISIT OF QUEEN ISABELLA TO THE GALLERY OF THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.—[SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT.]

were in the heyday of life—women who count their admirers by dozens, and who end by making a superb marriage and having quite an Indian summer of romance and happiness. The young laugh at this idea of the Indian summer for a bride of forty-five: but it is true; for neither romance nor happiness, neither love nor mental youth, is a matter of years; and, after all, we are only as old as we feel, and certainly no older than we look. All women do not harden by time, nor wither, nor yet corrupt. Some merely ripen and mellow and get enriched by the passage of the years, retaining the most delicate womanliness—we had almost said girlishness—into quite old age, and blushing under their gray hairs while they shrink from any thing coarse or vulgar or impure as sensitively as when they were girls. *La femme à quarante ans* is the French term for the opening of the great gulf beyond which love can not pass; but human history disproves this date, and shows that the heart can remain fresh and the person lovely long after the age fixed for the final adieu to admiration, and that the mature siren can be adored by her own contemporaries when the rising generation regard her as nothing better than a chimney-corner fixture. Mr. Trollope has recognized the claims of the mature siren in his "Orley Farm" and "Miss Mackenzie;" and no one can deny the intense naturalness of the characters and the interest of the stories.

THE LAST SNOW OF WINTER.

'Tis the last snow of winter, so pure and so white,
  Coming gently from realms far away,
To apparel the earth in a garment of light
  At the dawn of its blossoming day.

Thou art falling so softly and tenderly now,
  Embracing this sad world of ours,
Just before it shall put a new wreath on its brow
  And become a bright garland of flowers.

Thou lovest our dark world, and fain thou wouldst spread
  Thy mantle of purity o'er,
That no more it may seem like the home of the dead,
  But bright as the glorified shore.

But a moment thy white robes shall linger, fair Snow,
  Like a dream they will vanish away:
Too spotless and pure for these regions below
  Is the vesture thou givest to-day.

Old Boreas is gone, with the storm on his trail;
  But his farewell our favorite will bring,
As Nature so gently withdraws this light veil
  For the music and blossoms of spring.

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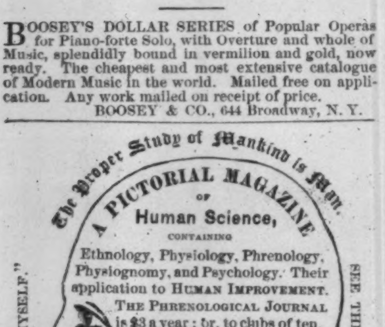

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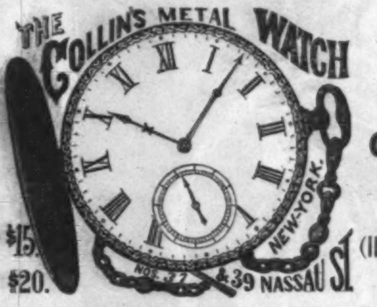

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